JULY 25, 1975 75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times

AMERICA'S NEW POOR

Who they are and how they live
A cross-country journal by Michael Parfit

Introducing the Saratoga idea:

Enjoy smoking longer without smoking more.

Saratoga 120's.

That's the Saratoga idea.

More puffs than 100's. Tailored longer and slimmer than 100's, so you enjoy extra smoking time, extra smoking pleasure, without smoking more cigarettes.

Priced no more than 100's. And Saratoga 120's are rich, full-flavor cigarettes made from a fine blend of tobaccos.

SARATOGA
MENTHOL
SARATOGA
SARATOGA 120's
Saratoga 120's
Standard 100's

More than just a new brand. Saratoga 120's are a whole new idea in smoking pleasure. Because now you can enjoy smoking longer without smoking more. Look for them in the new 120 mm crush-proof box.

Menthol and Regular.

"Saratoga lasts longer. Which means my cigarette money lasts longer."

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 engrossing books of history and world affairs...

417
671
138
858
414
247
386
324
371
379
726
146
347
139
346
119
400
418

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

417. **Roosevelt and Churchill: Their Secret Wartime Correspondence** $17.50/**$11.95**

671. **Medieval History** *By Norman F. Cantor.* $11.50/**$8.50**

138. **Seven Who Shaped Our Destiny: The Founding Fathers as Revolutionaries** *By Richard B. Morris.* $10.00/**$7.50**

858. **Napoleon Bonaparte** *By Vincent Cronin.* $12.50/**$8.50**

414. **Russia Under the Old Regime** *By Richard Pipes.* $17.50/**$10.95**

247. **A History of American Law** *By Lawrence M. Friedman.* $15.95/**$9.75**

386. **Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made** *By Eugene D. Genovese.* 1975 Bancroft Prize. $17.50/**$12.50**

324. **Alexander the Great** *By Robin Lane Fox.* $15.00/**$9.95**

371. **Michelangelo** *By Howard Hibbard.* $12.50/**$8.95**

379. **The Quest for Ulysses** *By W. B. Stanford and J. V. Luce.* Searching for the man behind the myth. $17.50/**$10.95**

726. **History of the African People** *By Robert W. July.* $15.00/**$8.95**

146. **Karl Marx: His Life and Thought** *By David McLellan.* $15.00/**$9.95**

347. **The Army of the Caesars** *By Michael Grant.* $15.00/**$9.95**

139. **Disease and History** *By F. F. Cartwright.* $9.95/**$7.50**

346. **The World of the Huns** *By O. J. Maenchen-Helfen.* $20.00/**$11.50**

119. **William the Conqueror: The Norman Impact Upon England** *By David C. Douglas.* $12.50/**$8.75**

400. **The New Country: A Social History of the American Frontier** *By Richard A. Bartlett.* $15.95/**$10.50**

418. **The War Against the Jews: 1933–1945** *By Lucy Dawidowicz.* $15.00/**$9.95**

Take Any 3 All for 99¢

values up to $55.00

with your first membership selection

4 Good Reasons To Try The History Book Club

Big cash savings. Last year our members saved 34% on their Club purchases. Your total savings as a trial member, including this introductory offer, can be more than 50%.

Liberal bonus plan. You can qualify for still greater savings through bonus books, which can be picked from our entire list of never less than 175 fine works.

Exceptional quality. In its 27 years, the Club has distributed over 1,000 outstanding books, including winners of 22 Pulitzer Prizes and 21 National Book Awards. Our books are always the equal of the publishers' editions, never economy reprints.

Fine service. Every four weeks you receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing: the book will come automatically. To order another book or no book, return the card by the specified date. You will have at least 10 days to decide—but if you should get an unwanted book because of late mail, we'll pay return postage.

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I enter below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low member's price, plus modest shipping charges.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Within two weeks, I may return the books at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will take four more books within a year, always at reduced member's prices plus shipping. Thereafter, I may resign at any time.

NM-05S

Print Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

In Canada: Mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario

The History Book Club Stamford, Conn. 06904

NEW TIMES, JULY 25, 1975, Volume 5, Number 2

America's New Poor
By Michael Parfit

Introduction
In the waiting room page 17

Atlanta

John Thompson/Dana Hughes
If your shoes are scuffed the young men look at each other and communicate in silence—he's slipping, it's getting to him . . . page 20

Drifter

Frederick Torrez
The probe would go back to an early Phoenix morning, in which the desert had released all its heat and lay in a hard chill . . . page 30

Harvesters

Don Stewart/Phil Perry/James Loyd Darneal
With a little luck, they will all survive the summer, because their life follows the seasons, but each one of them is afraid of the fall . . . page 40

Tranquility

"Kenneth Bollinger"
It was shaping to be a very good year . . . page 50

Behind the scenes at
NEW TIMES page 3
LETTERS page 4
SLOW DOWN page 6
FELLOW AMERICANS page 11
FULMINATIONS page 12
THE INSIDER page 13

REVIEWS:
Movies: *Rollerball* page 57
Books: *With Fidel* page 60
Music: Simon and Taylor page 64
FINAL TRIBUTE
Requiem for a heavyweight
By Mark Olshaker Page 68

We will consider unsolicited manuscripts, art/photos only when accompanied by return postage; the magazine will not be held responsible for loss or damage.

Copyright© 1975 by New Times Communications Corp.
All rights reserved.

Audit Bureau of Circulations Application submitted.

NEW TIMES is published bi-weekly by New Times Communications Corp. One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. George A Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $12.00 per year, $2.00 additional for Canada, $5.00 additional for all other foreign.
Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE ORDERS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS, ETC. TO NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302

ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, 10016.

Photo Credits

Pages 64 and 65—Norman Seeff. Page 68—Wide World Photos.

NewTimes

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

General Manager
Louis B. Dotti

Art Director
Steve Phillips

Senior Editor
Frank Rich

Managing Editor
David Hollander

Associate Editors
Joanna Krotz Tony Schwartz

Assistant Editor
Ellen Rosenbush

Associate Art Director
Carolyn Buckley

Editorial Assistant
Karen L. Sacks

Photo Researcher
Donna Nicholson

Controller
Howard Wishinsky

Administrative Assistants
Joanne Cohen
Miriam S. Ko
Margie Spada

Newsstand Director
Leonard A. Carney

Newsstand Manager
Robert Madison Clark

Circulation Director
Richard LaMonica

Circulation Assistant
Sheron Acosta

Production Manager
Anne R. Brokaw

Production Assistant
Janet Gold

Assistant to the Publisher
Judy Woodard

Advertising Director
Bernard Stolar

Marketing Director
D. Claeys Bahrenburg

Advertising Representatives
Liz Browne Anne L. Holton

Advertising Assistant
Terry Ellen Ladin

Chicago
The Pattis Group

Los Angeles
The Sheppard Company

Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Atlanta/Miami/Toronto
Metropolitan Publishers Representatives

Contributing Editors
Robert Sam Anson, Jimmy Breslin, F. Reid Buckley, Sara Davidson, Pete Hamill, Marshall Frady, Donald Jackson, Murray Kempton, Larry L. King, J. Anthony Lukas, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, Nora Sayre, Dick Schaap, Marcia Seligson, Studs Terkel, Thomas Thompson, Nicholas von Hoffman

Contributing Photographers
Steve Cooper, Mary Ellen Mark, Ann Phillips, Dick Swanson

Special Contributors
Mark Goodman. Arthur Hadley. Gregg Kilday. Richard Kluger. Lucy Komisar. Jim Kunen. Janet Maslin. Thomas Moore. Harry Stein. Marion Steinmann. Nina Totenberg. Geoffrey Wolff

Correspondents
Washington, D.c.: Charlie McCollum; **Arizona:** Bruce Taylor (Phoenix), Ron Ridenhour (Tempe); **California:** Roger Rapoport (San Francisco), Carol Sternhell (Palo Alto), Bill Ritter (San Diego); **Colorado:** Ivan Goldman, Elaine Nathanson (Denver); **Florida:** Stephen Diamond (Miami); **Georgia:** Gregory Jaynes (Atlanta); **Idaho:** Michael Parfit (Mackay); **Illinois:** Joel Weisman (Chicago); **Indiana:** John Brady (Terre Haute). Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis); **Kentucky:** John Filiatreau (Louisville); **Maine:** John N. Cole (Brunswick); **Maryland:** Joseph Nawrozki (Baltimore); **Massachusetts:** Bo Burlingham (Boston), Eric Breindel (Cambridge); **Michigan:** Laura Berman (Ann Arbor); **Mississippi:** Ed Kohn (Greenville); **Missouri:** Harper Barnes (St. Louis); **Montana:** Cortland Freeman (Bozeman); **New Hampshire:** Christopher Tilghman (Cornish Flat); **New Mexico:** John Neary (Tesuque); **New York:** Ellen Perlmutter (Binghamton), Charles Stein (Merrick); **North Carolina:** Frye Gaillard (Charlotte), Richard Edmonds (Winston Salem); **Ohio:** Thomas Andrzejewski, Terence Sheridan (Cleveland), Jonathan Miller (Dayton); **Oregon:** Ron Abell (Portland); **Pennsylvania:** Alfonso X. Donaldson (Pittsburgh); **Rhode Island:** William Kutik (Newport), Fritz Koch (Providence); **South Carolina:** Jon Buchan (Rock Hill), **Texas:** Susan L. Butler (Houston), Molly Ivins (Austin); **Wyoming:** Michael Sellett (Jackson); **Canada:** Robert Ramsey (Toronto); **France:** Thomas Moore (Paris).

Behind The Scenes

One day last spring a *New Times* editor telephoned Michael Parfit, a 28-year-old resident of Mackay, Idaho, and suggested an idea: That Mike travel around the country talking to America's New Poor—the middle-class victims of our current steep recession—and prepare a record of what he discovered. The result is this issue, a series of articles that are together by far the longest piece we've published. Mike not only wrote the text but also took the accompanying photographs—including the portrait of himself and his wife, Debbie, that appears on this page.

Mike was born in London and traveled throughout his childhood, living in Brazil, Uruguay and various places in the U.S., including northern Michigan. His peripatetic father was producing motion pictures for Moral Rearmament, an international nondenominational religious movement that stressed a return to traditonal values.

When Mike was 14, his family settled in Santa Barbara, where Mike went to high school and junior college. "I was a very poor student," Michael says. "I had no interest in anything but baseball, and I wasn't good at that either." But in junior college an energetic journalism professor finally got Michael interested in something besides baseball. By the end of his second year at Santa Barbara City College, Mike was the editor of the student paper, *The Channels.* In the fall of '67 he went on to the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, where he edited both *The Daily Trojan* and the yearbook.

Just after USC commencement in 1971, Debbie and Michael were married, and they soon set off across the country in a VW convertible, on a combined job-hunt and vacation. After a less than pleasant visit to the East, the Parfits headed back West. And then they came upon Shangri-la.

Well, not exactly. But after driving through a desolate stretch of land in Idaho, they came to a beautiful valley. Thanks to some very good luck, they found that a place might be available, on the edge of farmland, surrounded by trees and sagebrush desert. They went to see the owner. Well, yes, he said, there is a place: "It's just a shame it's not in shape for anybody to live in it."

Sure enough, they moved in, on the strength of a long lease given in return for their fixing up the place, which hadn't been lived in for 15 years. They started living in one room, gradually rehabilitating as they could. Now they're up to four rooms, plus a separate structure that serves as a study and darkroom. Not that it's a life of material comfort—there's still no running water or electricity (their small generator serves only the darkroom), and the roof is made of sod. Mackay, a town of 500, is four miles away.

Mackay isn't exactly convenient to everything, a problem Mike assuaged in 1973 by learning to fly an airplane when it "began to become apparent that driving is a hell of a way to go." So far, he's owned a 1945 Taylorcraft two-seater, which he replaced first with a four-seater and then with a single-seater Mooney Mite—which Mike points out proudly is "one of the smallest aircraft ever built in a factory." In his Mooney Mite he can travel up to 800 miles at 120 mph—and get 30 miles to a gallon of gas. Not only that: "I feel safer up there," he says.

Even rent-free life costs money, of course, and money wasn't very easy to come by for a fledgling free-lance writer in an obscure Idaho town. Michael started by "stringing" for various papers in Boise, Salt Lake City and Pocatello. He now writes regularly for *Ruralite,* a newsprint magazine published for Rural Electrification cooperatives. He's also written for various other publications from his rural base.

This spring Mike and Debbie set out again, to report on the New Poor. Mike contacted officials of 25 states before preparing their itinerary. Then they dropped their two Labradors off at his parents' place in California, and were off in their camper—to Eureka, California; Phoenix; Amarillo; Oklahoma City; St. Louis; Rockford, Illinois; Cincinnati; Atlanta; and Winter Garden, Florida. Then they returned the same way, to talk again with the people they had met.

"People considered me a friend the second time," Michael says, "and I felt the same way about them. I'd like to keep in touch with all of them, though that's probably not possible." Most people, they found, were willing and even eager to cooperate; many women were especially able to open up to Debbie.

In the end, the Parfits realized again how very lucky they are. "The trip made me realize how fragile security is," Michael says. "I realize now how lucky I am to have a place to live. Everybody else is paying rent or paying off a mortgage on a house they could lose in two months. I have this safety valve—something to go back to."

George A. Hirsch

Letters

Unfair

Mark Goodman's Final Tribute for Steve Prefontaine was both moving and superbly written ("Man on the run," June 27). I find it satisfying that *New Times* saw the same sense of importance regarding Prefontaine's death as I did. His ability to fight for his principles and his unique determination represented the beauty of traditional amateur athletics. His death, like Roberto Clemente's two years ago, symbolizes how unfair the world can be. I will never forget Erich Segal at Munich saying that Steve Prefontaine would win the 5,000-meter run. He paused and then said, "but in 1976." How tragic that he never got the chance.

John L. Gale
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Unfunny

Paul Slansky was totally unfair to the mentally retarded in his generalization that they laugh at Bob Hope's jokes ("Slansky's Believe It or Don't," June 27). Slansky seems to forget that these people do possess intelligence, humor and insight and, hence, probably find Hope as unfunny as the rest of us.

Barry Finnegan
Flushing, New York

Someday

We are not discussing anything with Leslie Stahl, much less an anchorperson spot on the evening news (Insider, June 27).We would like someday to have a woman in an anchor role, but it's among the futures . . . and the long futures insofar as the evening news is concerned.

William Sheehan
President, ABC News
New York City

Speculations

I have been involved with the Lazy B case for several years now—a supporter of the defendants ("The Lazy B 3 in black and white," June 27). I have a different perspective on the case. Mr. Wright's article was written in a style that seemed to indicate that he was present at the burning of the barn, the hearing and the trial—that he *knew* what actually happened. This is not true. The article is full of half truths, untruths, insinuations and emotionalism.

Since Mr. Wright's article deals so much with speculation and conjecture, I would like to do a little speculating myself. It was beginning to look like the defendants might get off. The government was worried, especially about Grant getting off. They felt they had to combat this situation, so they called in Washington and had him produce a mystery man.

Kathy Sparrow
Charlotte, North Carolina

The franking privilege

A number of the members of Congress—not just me—write notes to newly registered voters to tell them where our field offices are and let them know we welcome their views (Insider, June 27). I believe that this is a reasonable use of the franking privilege, as long as this practice is stopped several months before an election. I do not make such mailings near an election and I have introduced legislation to bar all free mass mailings by congressmen within 90 days of an election. The present limit is only 28 days.

Gilbert Gude
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Sex still rates

We read with great interest "Does Sex Rate" (Insider, June 27) and can only come to the conclusion that the random sample 2,000 interviews that rated sex as fifth among women under age 39 did not include wives and girlfriends of Jaycees—at least out here in California.

After all, civic-minded Jaycees just don't go off on their community service projects and let the ladies think only of music, nature, family.

Frank Jay Prisco
District 15—Jaycees
San Mateo, California

Coincidence

I was working the *Times* of London crossword no. 13,928 and ran into difficulty in the area of 10 across, the clue to which was "British philosopher shows sign of age."

I put the puzzle aside for a while and read the article "Coincidence," June 27. I was a bit startled to see in the next to last paragraph a reference to mathematician and philosopher Alfred North Whitehead—the answer to 10 across, among other things.

Mark Short
Greenwich, Connecticut

Mourning blues

Cheers to James S. Kunen for "Goodnight, America," June 27. I share his feelings on the currently popular speculation on the Kennedy assassination and admire his nerve in writing such an essay. Ten years ago I thought it was a conspiracy. After several years, however, I accepted the fact that the truth about the assassination will never be known in my lifetime, and no amount of hue and cry, I feel, will change the fact.

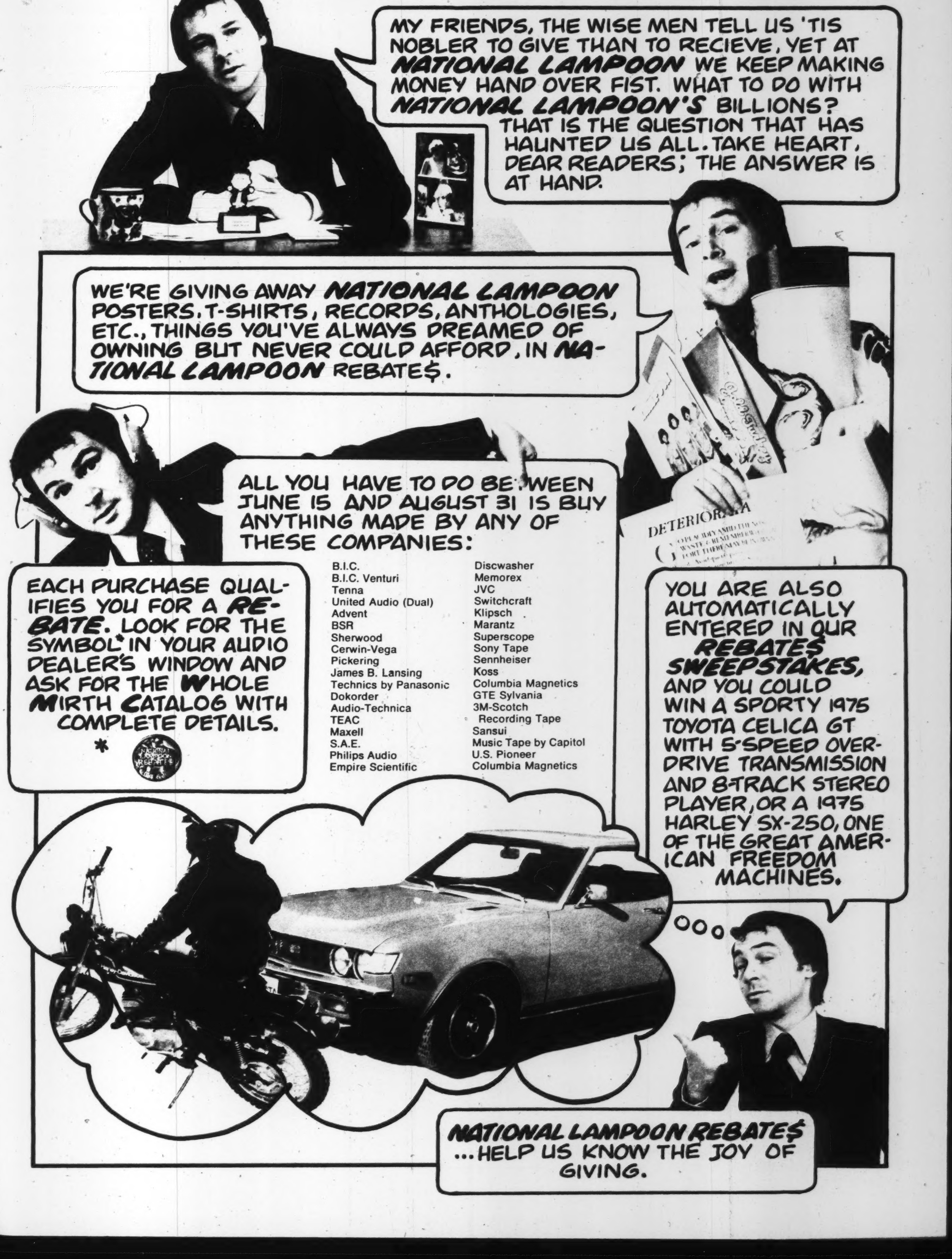
I was particularly touched by Kunen's thought, "The murder of John Kennedy was such an enormity that America would never be the same." Returning to college after four years in 1971, I found a campus of blue denim, and couldn't help but think "they're all in mourning!"

Frances A. Segerson
Cranston, Rhode Island

Good Night America is a TV newsmagazine, rather than a typical talk show. It runs much along the lines of *New Times* and has done stories on: abuse of patients in state institutions, antiquated drug laws, faith healing frauds, etc. However, like *New Times* it covers stories on personalities, entertainment and lifestyles, besides doing exposes. It bothers Mr. Kunen that the Zapruder film would be in the same show with Raquel Welch and the Bermuda Triangle, but where were his cries of indignation when *New Times* (April 18) ran its assassination story (with a gory cover picture) in the same issue with one on Bette Midler? The point is, no matter what ran in the same show or the same issue, both stories served to put pressure on for a reinvestigation.

Dave Geilser
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Sean Kelly for *National Lampoon* Rebates:


MY FRIENDS, THE WISE MEN TELL US 'TIS NOBLER TO GIVE THAN TO RECIEVE, YET AT ***NATIONAL LAMPOON*** WE KEEP MAKING MONEY HAND OVER FIST. WHAT TO DO WITH ***NATIONAL LAMPOON'S*** BILLIONS? THAT IS THE QUESTION THAT HAS HAUNTED US ALL. TAKE HEART, DEAR READERS; THE ANSWER IS AT HAND.
WE'RE GIVING AWAY ***NATIONAL LAMPOON*** POSTERS, T-SHIRTS, RECORDS, ANTHOLOGIES, ETC., THINGS YOU'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF OWNING BUT NEVER COULD AFFORD, IN ***NATIONAL LAMPOON*** REBATE$.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO BETWEEN JUNE 15 AND AUGUST 31 IS BUY ANYTHING MADE BY ANY OF THESE COMPANIES:
EACH PURCHASE QUALIFIES YOU FOR A ***REBATE***. LOOK FOR THE SYMBOL* IN YOUR AUDIO DEALER'S WINDOW AND ASK FOR THE ***W***HOLE ***M***IRTH ***C***ATALOG WITH COMPLETE DETAILS.
* NATIONAL LAMPOON REBATE$
YOU ARE ALSO AUTOMATICALLY ENTERED IN OUR ***REBATE$ SWEEPSTAKES,*** AND YOU COULD WIN A SPORTY 1975 TOYOTA CELICA GT WITH 5-SPEED OVERDRIVE TRANSMISSION AND 8-TRACK STEREO PLAYER, OR A 1975 HARLEY SX-250, ONE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FREEDOM MACHINES.
DETERIORATA
NATIONAL LAMPOON REBATE$ ...HELP US KNOW THE JOY OF GIVING.

B.I.C.
B.I.C. Venturi
Tenna
United Audio (Dual)
Advent
BSR
Sherwood
Cerwin-Vega
Pickering
James B. Lansing
Technics by Panasonic
Dokorder
Audio-Technica
TEAC
Maxell
S.A.E.
Philips Audio
Empire Scientific
Discwasher
Memorex
JVC
Switchcraft
Klipsch
Marantz
Superscope
Sony Tape
Sennheiser
Koss
Columbia Magnetics
GTE Sylvania
3M-Scotch Recording Tape
Sansui
Music Tape by Capitol
U.S. Pioneer
Columbia Magnetics

Does the FBI have me in its files?

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

Like any law-abiding citizen in this democracy, I've often wondered, DOES THE FBI HAVE ME IN ITS FILES?

Yes.

I learned from a pamphlet (10¢ from Freedom of Information Clearinghouse, P.O. Box 19367, Washington, D.C. 20036) that everybody is entitled by law to access to the records of federal agencies.

All you have to do is write a letter like this: "Pursuant to the Freedom of Information Act, Title 5, United States Code, Section 552, I hereby request access to [describe the information you want]. If this request is denied either in whole or in part please inform me as to your agency's appeal procedure. If you do not grant my request within ten working days, I will deem my request denied."

I wrote such a letter to the FBI, asking if they had any information on me. Three weeks later I got an answer, which consisted of questions, from FBI Director Clarence M. Kelley. He said it wouldn't be possible to "make an accurate search of our central records" unless *I* provided *them* with *more* information about myself, including all my previous addresses and employments. Dutifully, I forked over the facts.

Eight weeks and several delaying tactics later, I received an opaque, no-peek envelope from the director. Inside, on the FBI's letterhead, which now sports the symbol of the American Revolution Bicentennial, Mr. Kelley wrote, "Please be advised the search of our records failed to reveal you were ever the subject of an FBI investigation. Our search, however, did reveal your name was mentioned in investigatory files relating to other individuals. Enclosed are copies of documents excised from these files which can be disclosed to you. The remainder of our investigatory records, in which your name was mentioned, are exempt from disclosure" under sections of the law which "allow withholding information the disclosure of which would constitute an unwarranted invasion of the personal privacy of an individual. . . ."

That's a good one. Move over, Joe Heller. The FBI says it can't reveal what its spies find out lest it invade someone's privacy!

There's more, or, I should say, less: The law, Mr. Kelley went on, allows the agency to withhold "information received under an express or implied assurance of confidentiality"—in other words, anything that anybody ever told them about me.

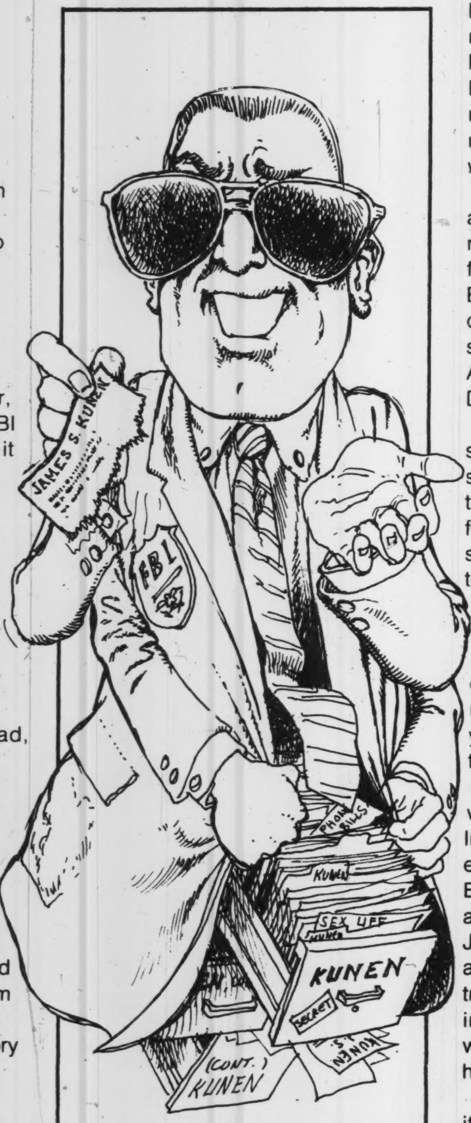


ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

What the FBI felt it could reveal to me consisted of two documents. The first was a 1969 *Parade* magazine "Young World" column, which said of *The Strawberry Statement,* my book about the 1968 Columbia University strike, "even J. Edgar Hoover couldn't help but like it." I wonder, since there's no file on me, *whose* file was this in? Marx and Shakespeare are mentioned by name in the story, but their files must be inactive by now. It sounds mad, but is it possible the file was—Hoover's?

The other hot document the FBI admitted to having on me was a newspaper advertisement soliciting funds for the defense of the Chicago Eight conspiracy trial. My name was one in a list of 64 sponsors, including such notorious subversives as Richard Avedon, Julian Bond, John Conyers, Don Edwards and Tommy Smothers.

Hell hath no fury like a subversive scorned. I confess to being somewhat miffed at rating no more than a few snippets in other people's files, if, indeed, that's the case. Call it subpoena envy if you must, but I'd like to think I'm a more formidable enemy of the war machine than that.

If that's really the best the FBI can do at dredging up info on opponents of the regime, you can relax, Patty. Myself, I'm not relaxing yet. After three months of dealing with the FBI, I know no more than when I began. It was naive of me to think it would be otherwise. The Freedom of Information Act has loopholes big enough to drop a file cabinet through. But it also provides for an administrative appeal within the Justice Department, and finally an appeal to the courts. I'm not through trying to find out what information—available to God knows whom, though not to me—the FBI has on me.

The FBI must be forced to open its secret files, else it makes a mockery of Freedom of Information, and not just of Information. ●

Roar
Subs
Save

☐ Send m
$9; a savir
I understa
receiving a

☐ Payme

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

NEW T
P.O. Box
Boulder, C

Roar a Little Subscribe to New Times Save $5.25

☐ Send me 19 issues of NEW TIMES for only $9; a saving of $5.25 over the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time, receiving a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

4228

NEWTIMES

P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Roar a Little Louder Subscribe to New Times Save $7.50

☐ Send me 1 Year—26 issues—of NEW TIMES for only $12; a saving of $7.50 over the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time, receiving a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

4227

NEWTIMES

P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado 80302

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NEWTIMES
P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NEWTIMES
P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

New Times.
The mouse that roars.

Superman we are not.

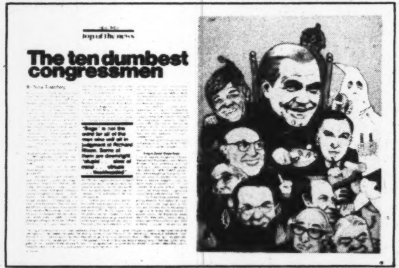
But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like a mighty mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.

Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "The CIA and the Mafia" concerning the inevitability with which gentlemen who wished to be killers gravitated to killers who wished to be gentlemen. There was our "Rendezvous with Abbie Hoffman"—a trip on the underground railroad that really caused an uproar.



In "The Greatest Cover-Up of All" we looked at the new evidence in the JFK assassination and concluded it was a conspiracy. In "Under Control," we got inside Silva Mind Control. Is it just the latest psycho-chic or can it really give you the power to look inside other people's bodies? In "The Divine Recline of Miss M" we sought an answer to that heavy question—Has Bette Midler shot her bolt? In "The Prisons of Our Freedom," we visited a nightmare called Camp Pendleton where a lot of South Vietnamese were starting to ask, "When can we go home?"

"Women Who Murder" showed how male sexist attitudes can work to the benefit of women—especially if they shoot or stab somebody. "Not with a Bang but with a Pssst" asked what's being done about those killer aerosol cans. Answer? Absolutely nothing. "Selling the Black Vote" made a lot of blacks and whites mad with its unblinking look at some new ethnic hustlers. "Victims of a Desperate Age" examined evidence that the Rosenbergs could have been framed. "Prisoners of Psychotherapy" was the last word on escaping from your analyst.

Women who murder

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life experiences. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

NEW TIMES
Exploring mind control

NEW TIMES
JFK: the truth is still at large

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

We're plugged into *now*.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions.

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how.

Does NEW TIMES sound like your kind of magazine? If you've read this far, you're probably NEW TIMES' kind of person.

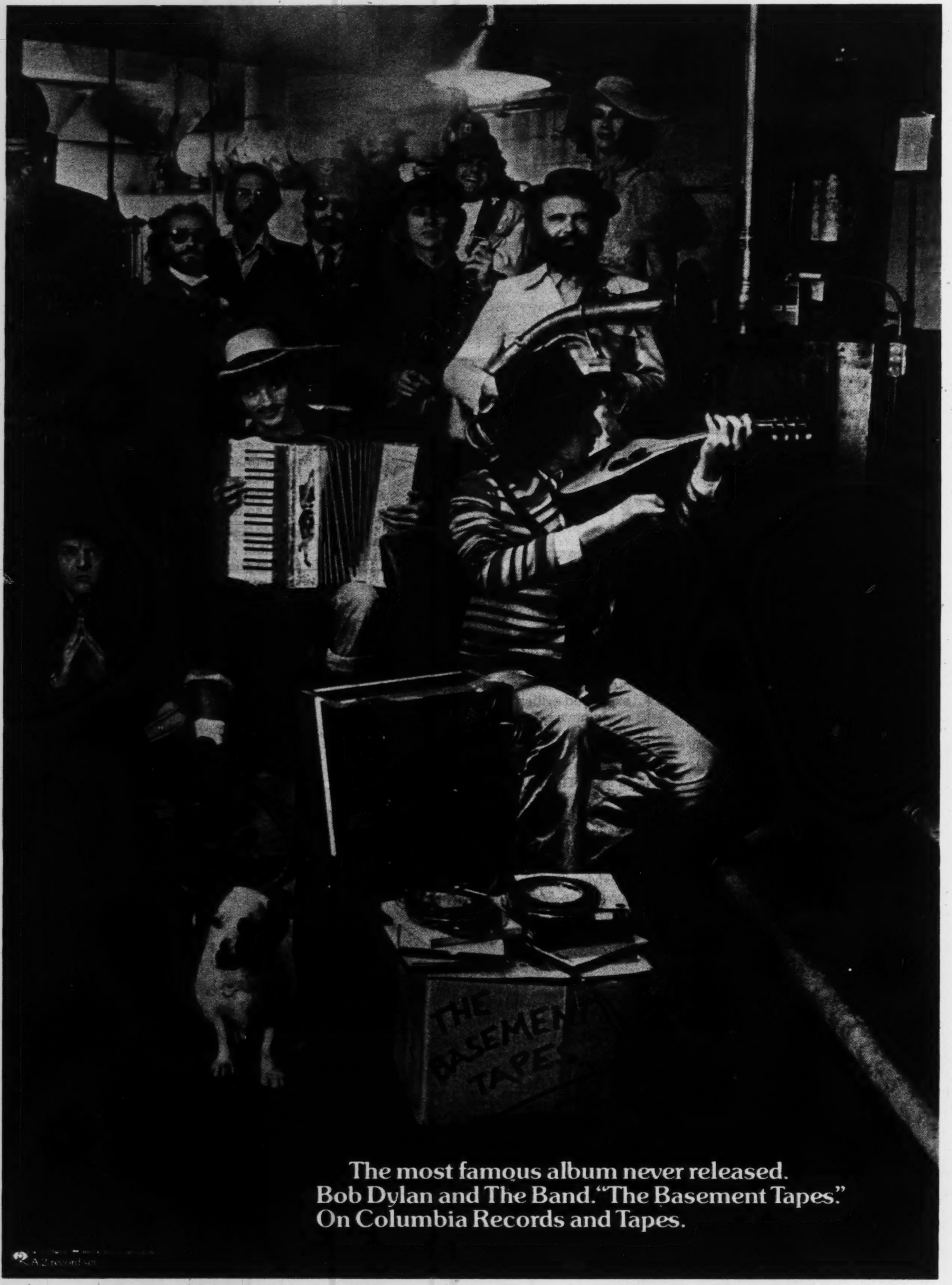
The Divine Recline of Miss M

You can have a full year of *the magazine of what's happening*—26 issues—for only $12. (That's $7.50 less than the newsstand price.) Or 19 issues for $9. The attached order card will do the trick. Or write to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Join us. Start to roar a little.

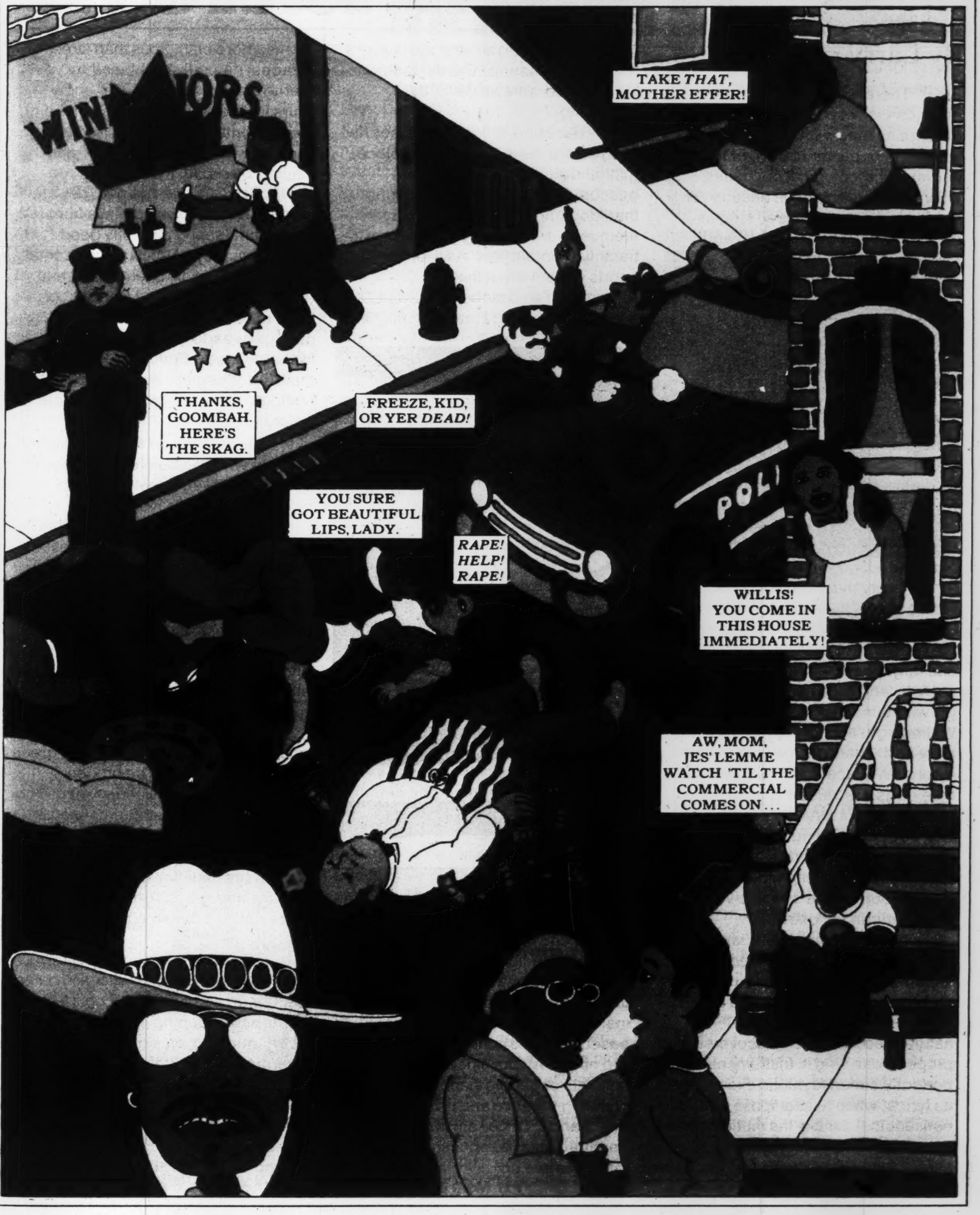
For immediate service 24 hours a day
CALL TOLL FREE 800-327-8912

NewTimes
The Mouse that Roars


THE BASEMENT TAPES
The most famous album never released.
Bob Dylan and The Band. "The Basement Tapes."
On Columbia Records and Tapes.
A 2 record set

By Stuart Hample & Seymour Chwast

Fellow Americans


TAKE *THAT*, MOTHER EFFER!
WIN IORS
THANKS, GOOMBAH. HERE'S THE SKAG.
FREEZE, KID, OR YER *DEAD!*
POLI
YOU SURE GOT BEAUTIFUL LIPS, LADY.
RAPE! HELP! RAPE!
WILLIS! YOU COME IN THIS HOUSE IMMEDIATELY!
AW, MOM, JES' LEMME WATCH 'TIL THE COMMERCIAL COMES ON . . .

Un-American peeves

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

There are certain things an American is not permitted to hate. Americans may, without social ostracism or penalty of law, hate their partisan or ideological opposites. They may hate someone because of race or religion or class so long as they show selective decorum and speak in coded euphemisms. It is permissible to hate anybody you accuse of beating you out of money or stealing your girl. You may hate your career rivals, former spouses or the neighboring town without losing public sympathy. You may hate the Hottentots until you turn blue, especially if Dr. Kissinger happens not to be getting along with them, and you'd damn well *better* hate the Godless communists, for who knows when or where the next Joe McCarthy may appear. But there is a tyranny of the mind not permitting one to hate, for example, dogs.

I very much hate dogs. Some weeks ago in this space I made an excellent case for hating dogs. From the vituperative qualities of my mail, one might have thought I'd sold atomic secrets and repealed Mother's Day. Up with this I shall not put: If George Wallace got the right to hate black folks and others got the right to hate George Wallace, then I got the right to hate dogs. Because the Constitution protects my First Amendment liberties, I hereby claim my right to be as honestly hateful as my nature allows. Fasten your seatbelts while I prepare to land four-square on some very un-American pet peeves:

The Star Spangled Banner. To avoid burdening you with terms of expertise, trust me when I simply say that—musically—it's a piece of shit. No American, native-born or naturalized, has been discovered who properly can sing it. Instrumentally, it's perfectly suited to public executions. Its lyrics, when not bellicose, are nonsensical. I make the motion that we substitute in lieu thereof "Three Blind Mice." Plaintiff contends that it is as logical to get a chill up your spine on hearing "They all ran after the farmer's wife" as on hearing "Ore the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming."

Baseball. When the masses rise and restore me to my destined place, justice quickly shall dictate that baseball fanatics draw stiffer terms than dope addicts; baseball players themselves will be dealt with more harshly than pushers. As a former sports writer I attest that the representative baseball player's I.Q. averages a full digit less than his hat size. The baseball player alternately occupies himself by attempting to smite a cowhide spheroid with a wooden injector and preventing others from doing same. When he is unsuccessful, he sulks and kicks inanimate objects. The average baseball game consumes more than two hours. All but nine minutes consists of people standing around chewing tobacco and rubbing dirt on their hands. Once I am in power, baseball shall be abolished from the Little League up.

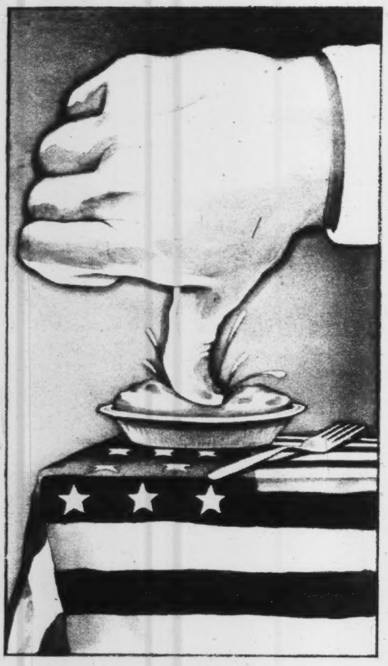


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBIN McGRATH

Little Kids. More expensive than yachts, more clamorous than street parades, naturally grubbier than your average hobo, they rise at ungodly hours for the sole purpose of providing their parents a long day. In addition to encouraging dogs in the home and playing baseball, they keep far too many bad marriages going. They are permitted excessive holidays from school and spend perfectly good whiskey money on such fluff as dental work and bicycles. Even the Internal Revenue Service values the best of them at no more than $1,000. The outraged reader is reminded that Howard Cosell, Spiro Agnew and Jack the Ripper began as little kids: The obvious moral lesson is "Stomp 'em before they grow."

Public Prayer. The presumption of those who rise before audiences to address Heaven is that God is so much at leisure He may trouble Himself to assure the fates of football teams, Rotary Club speakers, political candidates or beauty queens. Personally, I resent His being called away from keeping a wary eye on the North Koreans and the John Birchers. Besides, public prayer violates the civil rights of all us good atheists—especially if we've paid to get in.

Vegetables. Nobody respecting good health should eat anything green except guacamole. The prudent will be suspicious of all yellows. Red is not to be trusted when superimposed on tomatoes or radishes. Ditto for orange when applied to carrots and white as it influences cauliflower. Stick with browns and grays. As to liquids, don't drink nothing that won't make you giggle.

Space being short, you must trust me without explanations in being cautioned against TV sit-coms, suburban shopping centers, academicians, musical comedies, charities and foundations, neckties, women who keep cats, people who enjoy the telephone, the out-of-doors and any mother not your own. Don't question my Americanism, now. I'm a plumb damn fool about football and Mom's apple pie. ●

Taxing the multinationals; The First World Congress of Sorcery

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

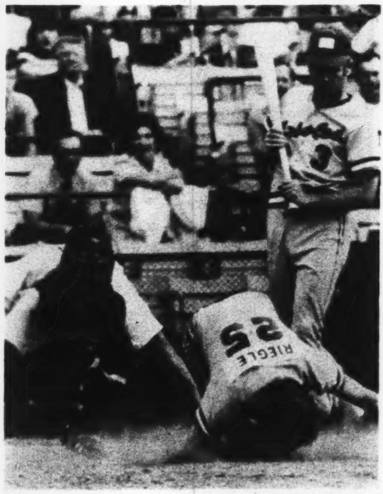
Power Politics

Making multinationals pay

Watch for an Internal Revenue Service crackdown on multinational corporations that try to duck U.S. taxes by shipping their profits to overseas subsidiaries in low-tax countries. Tax investigators have found a number of global dodges, all with the same pattern: A U.S. parent company bears all of the expenses and records little profit in the U.S., where the corporate tax rate is 48 percent. Meanwhile, a foreign subsidiary, controlled by the U.S. parent company, chalks up artificially high profits in such "tax haven" countries as Panama or the Bahamas. Investigators believe the amount of underpayed tax may run into billions of dollars. IRS expects to put the bite on a number of companies in the Fortune 500 during the next few months; those that resist may be taken to court.

The play's the thing . . .

It will mean rearranging the legislative schedule and adjourning at least two hours early, but members of Congress are going to play their annual baseball game on national TV.


WIDE WORLD

Congressional baseball goes Hollywood

The baseball game between Republicans and Democrats is played each year as a warm-up to a regular major league game, but it has traditionally attracted scant attention. When the chance to get national media notice arose recently, the lawmaker jocks were delighted.

The idea came following a discussion between Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and his old friend, Representative Silvio Conte (R-Mass.), who is player-manager for the Republicans. Kuhn persuaded sportscaster Joe Garagiola to carry segments of the pols' game on his Monday pre-game show. The legislators readily agreed to an early 5:00 p.m. starting time, in order to allow time for editing of the game film. Nonetheless, the deal almost fell through when the host Baltimore Oriole club balked. They had hoped to sell extra seats on the basis of a congressional game that directly preceded the regular one. The club, which has been having serious attendance problems, held out for a later starting time but finally bowed to Kuhn's pressure.

Senators and representatives will now leave for Baltimore early Monday afternoon, giving themselves plenty of time to don their spiffy uniforms and prepare for the cameras. Says Congressman Conte good-naturedly: "I've told my squad that they're on national television now and they've gotta start throwing straight. They can't look like boobs anymore."

He bombed in Pittsburgh

One of the nation's newest and most unlikely radio personalities is a bomb—at least so far. Since April, when popular Pittsburgh mayor Pete Flaherty began his early morning radio show on "current happenings" for pop-rock station KQV, ratings have actually dropped. "I was told it takes about a year to build up a program," says Flaherty, who makes $300 a week in his part-time job. "I think the station likes me. They give me the impression they want me back after my 13 weeks are up." KQV's general manager won't comment on the mayor's renewal prospects.

Flaherty's unspectacular showing, say critics, can be attributed to his unspectacular material. During his first weeks on the air, he described such weighty matters as how he paints the window frames of his home and what it was like to take his entire family to see *The Longest Yard.* Fearful of equal time complaints, the mayor has avoided talking politics. "And that," says one newsman "is like bringing Linda Lovelace on to talk about the weather."

Flaherty: bombing at the mike

The greening of the banks

Chicago banks are getting a taste of their own medicine. A group known as the Citizens Action Program (CAP) has organized a protest against city lending institutions, predicated on the belief that money talks. Their aim is to head off a burgeoning bank practice known as "redlining"; their tactic is to boycott offending banks.

Redlining is a practice whereby a "red line" is drawn around older, racially changing urban communities by banks; they then simply stop financing home mortgages and improvement loans there. Instead, the money is invested in safer, suburban areas. Instances of the practice have been documented in Boston, Buffalo,

BRUCE DAVIDSON/MAGNUM

Urban slums: how banks create them

Milwaukee, San Antonio and other cities. In Chicago a study by the Metropolitan Area Housing Alliance found that 17 inner-city regions received only one cent in home mortgage money for every community dollar of savings in banks; only eight cents for every dollar in savings and loan institutions. Certain suburban areas along Lake Michigan received as much as 53 cents for every dollar.

The consequence is that communities are left to deteriorate. "Redlining is what a financial institution does to cause a neighborhood to self-destruct," says the Rev. Albin Ciciora, who heads CAP. His group has enlisted $120 million in pledges of savings to a "greenlining campaign." Their method is to coerce financial institutions into investing more money in urban neighborhoods. Unless the institution agrees to loan a certain percentage of its funds to a given community, CAP depositors withdraw their savings and put them elsewhere. So far three savings and loan associations have succumbed to the tactic, promising to invest a total of $5 million in nearby urban areas.

The greenlining tactic not only works to halt the devastation of redlining but has broad implications as an organizing tool. "It's a new technology of community power," says Richard Harmon, the director of the Industrial Areas Foundation, a Chicago community group that was the late Saul Alinsky's brainchild. "You can go down to City Hall and protest and they won't listen. If you go down with your bankbook, they'll listen."

Vacations pay

Congress is planning to repeal a rarely invoked but potentially embarrassing 125-year-old law. The obscure regulation provides that deductions be made from the monthly salaries drawn by U.S. senators and representatives for "each day that [they] are absent from the Senate or House, unless such member assigns as the reason the sickness of himself or some member of his family."

If the law were enforced, U.S. legislators, who draw $42,500 annual salaries, would be in serious financial straits. Congress is in recess more often now that it is in session; this year nearly 200 days off are scheduled, including an upcoming month vacation in August. The traditional rationale for ignoring the law has been that members of Congress are on duty in town or out. Says Senate Secretary Francis Valeo, "The obligations of their office remain with them at all times." Apparently, though, our lawmakers are feeling uneasy about justifying "obligations" such as in-session ski vacations and European junkets.

Media

Behind the *Times*

On July 3 American homosexuals won their first national civil rights victory, but readers of the New York *Times* might never have known, since the news was buried on the bottom of page 17 (page 45 in the late edition). That day, the federal Civil Service Commission changed its policy on gays 180 degrees. Previously, federal agencies were in effect forbidden to employ homosexuals; now they are forbidden to discriminate on grounds of sexual preference.

The Washington *Post,* which has a large federal employee readership, gave the story a three-column headline in the middle of the July 4 front page. What happened at the *Times?*

Doug Robinson, who was running the desk in Washington that week, didn't assign a reporter to the story and says it didn't deserve front page play. "A story about black employment would probably be more interesting to an editor because it involves more people," he said. National Editor David Jones, who was away that day, says his deskpeople decided on the basis of wire copy that "it wasn't a major story." He conceded last week that "it may be that we undervalued the story." A follow-up article ran the next day.

Bruce Voeller, executive director of the National Gay Task Force, had tried to alert *Times* editors to the story's significance by personally delivering a press release. But apparently that got lost in the shuffle. Voeller says his group was "furious" at the *Times'* coverage, since the Civil Service reversal was "one of the most important things that's happened" in the gay rights struggle.

Seventies

Bedtime story

Is a braless woman more erotic than one who is completely nude? Is imagining sometimes more titillating than doing? Those are questions sexual entrepreneurs—faced with a scene in which it is increasingly difficult to be more explicit than the next guy—have to begin asking.

Now a St. Louis businessman has come up with an answer. After the excitement of owning a massage parlor had worn thin, he decided to try something "new and different." Last month he opened the Reading Room.

The process is simple. A 20-25 minute session costs $12. The customers (exclusively male so far) are led into a private room by a young woman wearing baby-dot pajamas who, more often than not, is

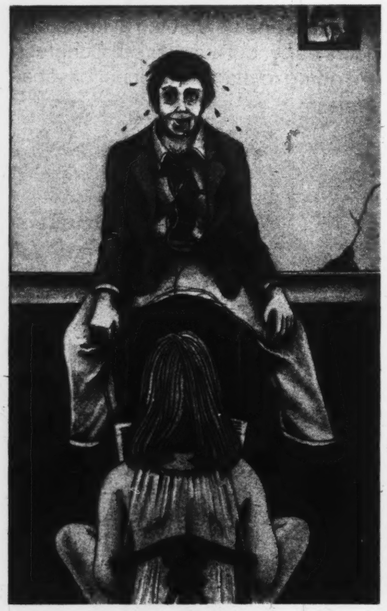


ILLUSTRATION BY DENIS ORLOFF

Announcing the opening of a new discotheque.

Your house.

Now you can turn your house into the hottest spot in town. With one tape. And less than ten bucks.

The tape is called Discotape.™

It's a non-stop 90 minute sound spectacular that turns your tape deck into a discotheque sound stage.

Volume I is 90 minutes of newly-released cuts by the top names in the recording business.

We cannot release the names of these artists.
We can only assure you that you will be getting the latest disco music being recorded today.

All recordings are made on professional quality tape in 8 track or cassette. And an all-new tape comes out every six weeks to update and help you build an outstanding music library.

So if you want to turn your house into a discotheque, just mail a check or money order to Discotape, Inc. P.O. Box 69000, Hollywood, Calif. 90069.

I want ________ tapes at $9.95 each
8 track ☐ cassette ☐
Name ________________________
Address ______________________
City ____________ State ______ Zip _____
California residents add 6% sales tax.
Allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.

DISCOTAPE™ INC.

college-educated. Once ensconced, the lady will read—reportedly with enthusiasm—from a selection of books including *The Whorehouse, Incestuous Teacher, Photographer's Passion* and *Sex Hungry.* No touching allowed, but for an extra tip the reading is available in the nude—an option most customers exercise.

"The men don't seem to mind not touching," says the Reading Room's female manager, who gave a cheery phone interview recently but asked to remain anonymous. "Judging by return customers, they must find it stimulating to have a pretty girl read them erotic literature."

The customer—in case you're wondering—is free to bring his own reading material, and it need not be pornographic.

Conventional sorcery

Acupuncturists meet for an annual convention. So do embalmers and pizza makers and narcotics agents. In fact, nearly every group that can boast a membership of more than two seems to be holding conventions these days.

This latest one, then, should come as less of a surprise. The soiree is being called "The First World Congress of Sorcery"; its invited speakers include Carlos Castaneda, Uri Geller and Gabriel Garcia Marquez, and the setting is Bogota, Colombia. All clairvoyants, astrologers, palmists, witches and mediums who can divine a way to raise the plane fare and the $300 conference fee are invited. It is scheduled for August 24-28; 1,000 people have already signed up and another 2,000 are expected.

Conference plans include morning and afternoon workshops that will explore sorcery, ritual, parapsychology, magic, astrology and alchemy; the evenings are set aside for rituals. The best part of all, however, may take place on the surrounding grounds. For those who practice any form of communication with the occult, organizers are reserving "the right to the use of a nook, retreat or covert where they may engage in their respective activities in accordance with the law."

Courtesy of The Bettman Archive.

Mind & Body

By Marion Steinmann

The abortion picture

Now that abortion is legal (and has become the second most commonly performed operation after tonsillectomies), it is possible to ascertain which women are most likely to have the operation.

Using recently released nation-wide statistics, compiled by the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control, the following surprising picture emerges: The woman is white, unmarried and young. Of the 615,831 women undergoing legal abortions during 1973, two-thirds were 24 or younger, and one-third were younger than 20. A majority had either no children or only one, and nearly seven of every ten were either single, widowed, separated or divorced. Two-thirds were white. Fewer than 1 percent of the abortions were performed on rape victims, and an equally small number were done because the fetus was known to be congenitally deformed.

Post Scripts

The big Little case (March 7, 1975)

Despite massive favorable publicity, a major pre-trial legal victory (which moved the trial to Raleigh, N.C.) and a successful fund-raising campaign, problems in the Joan Little defense persist. Little, whose trial has just begun, is the young black woman charged with first-degree murder of the white jailer she claims tried to rape her last year in a North Carolina jail.

Financial difficulties persist despite a successful direct-mail campaign conducted by the Southern Poverty Law Center of Montgomery, Ala. Sources inside the Durham law firm handling Little's case and at her Legal Defense Fund there claim that the mail campaign cost $250,000 and raised over $800,000, but that the flow of money from Montgomery to Durham has slowed to a trickle. The Law Center won't say how much the mailing raised, only that they have instituted tighter controls in reaction to "profligacy" on the Durham end.

Tensions have begun to fray nerves at the law firm of Paul, Keenan, Rowan and Galloway, now totally consumed by the Little case. At the defense fund, charges of unfair salary disparities between men and women working there have resulted in at least one resignation.

UPI

Little: trial tribulations

The most divisive struggle going on, however, is over who will control the political movement that surrounds the trial. The two leading black women members of the Communist Party—Charlene Mitchell and Angela Davis—are struggling with various black feminists, Marxists and civil-rights leaders in North Carolina.

The only person apparently none the worse for wear is Joan Little herself. A $1 million damage suit against the estate of slain jailer Clarence Alligood has been filed on her behalf. Little has begun speaking publicly on the case, has announced plans for a career in journalism and expects to attend Cornell University next fall—all, of course, assuming she wins her case.

AMERICA'S NEW POOR

By Michael Parfit

This room is large and hot. There are signs taped and stapled to the walls: "Ten Questions about Alcoholism," "Free Lunch at St. Vincent De Paul Church" and, hand-lettered, "Our Employees must call the police if shouted or sworn at."

This room is distinct in its many features: in the lines of people, the scuffed linoleum floor, the chicken wire laminated in the glass of windows and doors. But in its entirety it is hypothetical, a construction arranged and built by a traveler. It is a sorting of detail and image, created out of two months' travel around the United States.

This is the room that houses the new poor It contains, roughly, 4 million people. They are not the chronic poor—the unbroken generations of misery who, the myth says, will always suffer. These people, gathered by device into this room, are separated by many things—geography, race, reticence—but they share one characteristic: This is the first time they have come here, and for each of them it is a concession of defeat.

Once—a month ago, a year ago—they were secure. Since that time, which now seems remote, their lives have tumbled into uncertainty. They are like stones in a sedimentary cliff whose pressed sand pockets have been eroded beyond support, and now they roll in slow motion, bounding off other stones, their stomachs sucked by the vacuum of falling, waiting to land, waiting for things to get better.

And the place they wait is here, in this room. They all come here eventually: They come because there is shelter and warmth here, and just a little hope. So across the nation, the common denominator of the new poor is neither the bread line nor the flophouse, symbols of another age, but the waiting room.

This broadly built room of my imagination is a collection of many such enclosures: The heat ducts here hang and hum behind no ceiling, because that's how it is in Decatur, Georgia; it is located in the basement of a fire station, as it is in Rockford, Illinois; and the people have been waiting on the sidewalk outside since 10:00 last night, because that's how it's done in Phoenix, Arizona. The room offers a frightening assortment of services. It is variously a welfare office, a food stamp distribution center, a disaster relief station run by the Red Cross, the lobby of a VA hospital, an employment agency office, a union hall. If it weren't for logistical difficulties, it might also be a bus, rolling to somewhere where there is rumored to be work.

Since this room is the focus of the new poor, it is the background structure of the series of stories that follow. The people I talked to and am writing about are all familiar with this room. Most of them have waited here, for one reason or another, some have practically made their homes among the steel chairs, most have fought and fought to avoid the place and one or two have been successful.

The air in this room feels like a dry cough beginning. It has an aftertaste of coffee, urine and vomit. Smoke grows from a hundred cigarettes, but instead of climbing into a hanging cloud, hazing over the fluorescent pipes which make faces look even greyer than they are, it evaporates like steam and spreads, invisible, through the room, staining hair and clothes with the smell.

About half the people here are standing in lines, shifting from one hunched hip to the other like tired horses in front of battlement partitions. Unlike the old poor, who stand in the silent dignity of knowing that nothing helps, they squabble over position.

Those people who do not stand in lines sit waiting for help in rows of steel chairs, each chair bolted to the next for some practical reason that is obscure and that has the impractical effect of squeezing them together, elbow to elbow, so they can't look at each other well without bending and turning and staring, and then flinching away. With an indomitable curiosity they wonder who everyone else is. They jerk and wriggle each time they allow themselves to contemplate their money or homes or security, all of which are in jeopardy or are gone, but they stare at the others, with as much secrecy as they can, longing to know them. Their eyes betray nothing; they are dry. Their clothes betray nothing; they are clean and carefully managed through the wrinkling hours, as if most dressed up before they came. But the people are all pared down to rawness, and although they scrap and scuffle with selfishness, they are clean of the concerns of safety, and now, all quick, squirming in this bucket, they tingle with amazement at how cherished are all those other pink bodies in the slime.

The people waiting in lines and in the chairs stand and sit with the nervous wasted twitching of old hens, useless, egged out. But behind the partitions there is efficiency and the quiet talk of purpose. Here are the social workers, the administrators, the Red Cross volunteers cooking chili and toast, the employers, the clerks. The people in the room are vaguely aware that most of the workers care about them, but they also know that they hold them, bagged, over their shoulders by their feet.

Strange things happen here.

A tall black man finds his way into the back, barges into an office without knocking, pours bitterness all over the desk of a startled worker and then leaves, never giving his name.

A woman calls from an elite suburb—typical of the new poor, she has used up everything before calling for help. "I don't have any *money,* I don't have any *food* for my kids. Can you help me?" "I think so," answers the representative of St. Mary's Church. "We operate a food bank here; we can sell you $5 worth of milk and cereal and bread for 30 cents." "Oh, *wonderful.* I can't get into town right now; can you deliver?"

Among the people hoping to feed their children today, a man complains: "I've been waiting all morning; I'm in a hurry—my dog's waiting in the car."

A widow sells her house and spends $100,000 in a year, goes broke, then finds out she'll be eligible for $98 a month. On her second welfare interview she comes in wearing a new $60 pants suit. "Isn't it pretty?" "Oh, God," says the social worker wildly, "woman, woman, woman," and when the widow leaves, the worker laughs.

Here is Phyllis Fraley, single, slender, intense. Dropped from a political entourage at the end of a campaign, she stands, humiliated, in line for an unemployment check. The television crew that comes through here every day flashes its sun gun in her face and she angrily holds up a newspaper. "I've been alive 28 years, and this is what I have to do to get on television?"

If the waiting room is the common structure of the new poor, anger is the familiar emotion. Some have sold everything and spent everything and then find they must wait two weeks or a month for help. Some have no money but a Winnebago and a boat in the yard and find they are ineligible. But the most difficult part for all is the waiting; they have never been conditioned to gross delay.

Sporadically during each day, prompted by a fight or a complaint, workers make small speeches to the multitude, trying to coax up rusty patience, but they seldom succeed—comparisons to the inconveniences of the safe life fail to soothe.

"We all have to stand in line," one worker pleaded, "and none of us likes it. When I go to the post office, I line up; when I go to the market, I line up; when I go to the bank, I line up."

Mostly this anger is of frustration, born without direction, and it falls upon the social workers, who do not deserve it. The new poor have a reputation of hostility. "I paid taxes all these years, and now that I need help. . . ." "Listen, miss, if you don't get me my stamps by this afternoon, I'm going to have your job."

As overloaded budgets shrink, in public organizations as well as private ones, the anger grows. The last hard times are a long way back, and if there is to be a depression, or even a lengthy recession, without violence, people will have to be educated into submissiveness. This is not the choice of most, even of the social workers who would most benefit from a placid poor. The anger, at least, is an indication that spirit remains.

"I'd rather deal with a client who is hungry than a client who is cold," says Shirley Trussell, a counselor and administrator. "And I'd rather deal with an overt expression of hosility than with the quiet depression you see in some people's eyes."

The trip from which the following stories grew took place in the late spring. In the beginning I was informed that I was too late; the economy was turning. At the end the pronouncements were not quite so sure. Only a few of the people I interviewed have returned to work with the slim recovery of summer, and among them there is a nearly universal distrust of the future. And the waiting room of the new poor, through which I wandered for 70 days, still contains 4 million souls. ●

T
"Bea
She s
Calif
Toge
albu
"L

The Captain & Tennille: The romance that's rocking the country.

The Captain is Daryl Dragon and *Tennille* is Toni Tennille.

He was an arranger and played keyboards for the Beach Boys for many years and she was a "Beach Girl"—the only girl to ever tour with the Beach Boys.

They wrote a song about their feelings for each other and recorded it in a small garage-type studio. She sang vocals and he played all the instruments. They pressed 500 copies and sent them around to California radio stations where the song, "The Way I Want To Touch You," became an immediate hit.

Their unusual success brought them to A&M where their second single, "Love Will Keep Us Together," has become one of the most popular songs in the country. And the title song of their debut album.

"Love Will Keep Us Together" The Captain & Tennille

Produced by The Captain

AMERICA'S NEW POOR

Atlanta

"Let me just tell you this: The lending practices of our Community Development Corporation were quite liberal, and I can assure you that the steps we took were, in our opinion, absolutely essential or we wouldn't have taken them. I hope you understand that."

A. D. Frazier
Public Relations Director
Citizens & Southern Bank

John Thompson/Dana Hughes

John Thompson had two versions of Desiderata taped to his wall. On top was the standard treatment: "Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence." And below it, on equally crisp parchment, was the *National Lampoon* version: "You are a fluke of the universe; you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back."

John Thompson liked them both—" dynamite, man, dynamite"—but when the Citizens & Southern Bank and other creditors visited his small apartment to take his car and the other bits and pieces of his life that now belonged to them, the original version strangely disappeared, leaving only the *Lampoon's* bleak advice: ". . . the world continues to deteriorate. Give up."

It is proof of Thompson's optimism, which grows as huge and pink-cheeked as he is himself, that this obvious indication of fate stomping on him with football cleats did not lower him into permanent despondency. After all, by the time Desiderata disappeared, he was already about $56,000 in debt and might be excused an occasional excess of gloom.

John Thompson, 33 years old, is the strongest man he has ever met. He didn't develop that opinion from arm-wrestling himself under the table; it derives from data almost as empirical—things like the ease with which he crumpled opponents of the University of Florida back in the middle '60s when he was a damn killer tackle playing at 6'4", 238 and went by the name Johnny Two Beers for

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DICKRAN PALULIAN.

his limited capacity. And things like working 24 hours a day for four days just sticking labels on 13,000 magazines. The types of strength were different, but he knows he has them both. Once he thought of himself as indomitable.

But, like his adopted city of Atlanta, a glittering and troubled metropolis, this big, buoyant man has not walked easy on the recession trail. And, again like the city, which rode a high crest of urban success at the same time Thompson was ruining halfbacks at Florida, he has found that his strength and his background have not been enough to carry him through.

I came to Georgia in the spring. Pecan trees stood like pale green fans in the sun, dogwood blossoms gleamed against dark pine forests, and the warmth was damp and lazy. But along Interstate 75, on the way south into Atlanta, there was pink fiberglass insulation plastered against the chain-link fence, trees were splintered lengthwise into raw, yellow slivers and, beside the road, roofs were patched with sheets of pastic. This was the shadow of a tornado, a funnel that had ripped through eight miles of northwest Atlanta and killed three people.

What you're telling me, John Thompson said slowly, is that you're going to fold this thing up. But the banker just wouldn't make the phrase

The issue of the Atlanta *Constitution* that announced the devastation also carried, in an appropriate page 1 box, the third story of a major series.

"I've got a bomb to drop," Dana Hughes said quietly to his family. "I'm out of a job"

This collection of seven long articles was called "A City in Crisis," and the editor's note read in part:

"Throughout the Sixties, Atlanta was Camelot. Spared serious racial turmoil and blessed with experienced leadership, the city became a great center of commerce and a mecca for emerging blacks.

"Today, political power has shifted. New leadership wrestles new problems. There are tensions among the people. Camelot has faded.

"What's happening to Atlanta? Will the dream survive?"

One of the statistics cited as a symptom of the Atlanta crisis was unemployment: In 1970, 2.2 percent. In 1975, 9.5 and rising. Officially. But here, as in the rest of the nation, there are legions of potential workers who, out of either despair or pride, do not make unemployment claims or otherwise announce their misfortunes and so do not appear in the census of the poor. Such were Dana Hughes, a $30,000-a-year public relations executive, who, by careful planning, was still secure—if nervous—after several months out of work; and John Thompson, who, with the stubbornness that is often a companion of strength, would not bear the onus of the unemployment line.

In January 1972 John Thompson was gnawing on an idea. It was one of many, but he liked it more than most: He would publish a regional business magazine. It would not be an analysts' sheet; it would be a humanistic sort of thing directed at the urge to create new business. Entrepreneurship. The thick word carries connotations of innovation and risk, mixed in such a manner that the aroma is almost irresistible. He would call it *Entrepreneur Spirit*, and its own shoestring beginnings would be the seed of its philosophy. Because John Thompson had almost nothing: a journalism degree from the University of Florida and a mighty optimism.

John Thompson could talk a rabbit into celibacy, and the rabbit would thank him for the tip. But Thompson could not talk a bank into setting him blindly into business. What's your equity when a magazine folds? A stack of old magazines. "The downside risk in a magazine," Thompson says now, with the taste of the experience lingering like rancid soup, "is hairy. And raising capital for anything under a half a million is a hard nut to crack." Who wants to sweat the small stuff? So each bank spent three hours telling Thompson just why he wasn't bankable, and told him to come back when he had produced something. Right, he said, with a thousand bucks. But look at the *idea*. The idea is super. It's *dynamite*. Sure, said the banks. You bet. We won't.

"The thing that disgusted me," Thompson says in a rare moment of bitterness, "is that there is no premium placed on effort and hard work. My father told me: I didn't make you smart but I made you work hard. This country was developed on the premise that you could make it by working hard. But now timing and access to capital are more important."

Finally, with a $10,000 loan, guaranteed by his printers, Thompson put out a couple of issues. It was a time of great stress: Thompson was flying too many kites, and some of the strings parted.

"Running a magazine makes you a bachelor," he says sadly; his wife, Kathryn, a blonde model, divorced him and with her went his two girls. He continued to put out the magazine with one hand, trying to raise more money with the other and peddle advertising and subscriptions with his large feet.

Then along came Citizens & Southern Bank, better known as C&S, with an apparent solution.

C&S Bank is a part of both the glory, and now the agony, of Atlanta. During Atlanta's years as The City That Works, C&S was headed by a man not unlike John Thompson in outlook, a man named Mills B. Lane Jr., who liked to wear a necktie embroidered "It's a Wonderful World." Lane preferred the efficiency of a committee of one, which is to say he was autocratic, and during his tenure C&S was as successful as it was aggressive. In 1968, late in his career—now retired, Lane lives in Savannah—he established the Community Development Corporation (CDC), a C&S subsidiary designed for making high-risk loans outside the normal banking framework. The CDC made second mortgage home loans and small-business loans, largely in the black community, and in 1973, near the end of its season of relative success, it made a loan to John Thompson, one of the few whites in its small-business portfolio. The total amount was $45,500, the payout five years.

The loan was welcome, but it was not a source of jubilation. It would keep Thompson going, but it was not enough to let him hire a staff. Of course, there were phantoms like Kelly Van Essa, chief of research, who was really his daughters Kelly and Vanessa, aged 6 and 4. But Thompson's office was his two-bedroom apartment on Briarcliff Road, where the furniture was handmade out of two-inch lumber and the ashtrays were littered with dead cigars.

Thompson started putting out a slick book, with 60 pages, four-color covers and a growing ad line. He featured Georgia entrepreneurs like Cecil Day,

"I'm a better human being now than I've ever been. I could not have bought the education for the dollars I lost"

who, in six years, built up a motel chain that is now one of the largest in the nation, and quoted people like a Texas electrical contractor, who said, "I *could* work for someone indefinitely, but I think it would be a waste because I would not be doing our economic system justice working for someone else." The magazine's subscriptions and advertising climbed, with the help of a marketing consultant, but the line of credit at C&S dwindled.

It was now 1974, and Atlanta and C&S were not what they had been. "It's no secret," a bank spokesman said. "We had pretty substantial loan losses in 1974. The high loan losses were products of the economic conditions as well as fairly significant involvement in real estate." Losses under the CDC program were becoming even more troublesome.

"We started CDC to try and get the black man in the capitalistic stream," Mills Lane recently complained to a reporter. "We lost 171 loans and $1,487,000 trying to get them in business. That's the record. . . . I'm having each one of these loans analyzed . . . ." The aggressive banking of the '60s, when, as another banker put it, you could throw out one dollar and it would come back two, was sucking into conservatism like a dry mussel on a pier, and the CDC was the soft leading edge of the retreat.

"In the economic period that we've gone through since the beginning of 1973 we haven't felt like we're doing anyone a favor financing them in a period in which the business failures have increased," said C&S's A.D. Frazier, putting a magnanimous face on a self-protective withdrawal. "So for all intents and purposes the CDC has discontinued taking on new customers."

In 1974 the CDC was not only giving fiery new entrepreneurs the cold stare; it was also dousing a few of the flames it had already kindled.

Thompson began to get twitchy about his own relationship with the bank when the men responsible for supervising his loan began to succeed each other with uncomfortable speed. Thompson would finally convince one new banker that a magazine *can* be published out of an apartment when the man would move into another slot and the story would have to start again. Something was awry. Thompson worried, and took particular note that each successive banker appeared to have less power of decision than the last.

Finally, in October, came the denouement. Thompson had an issue ready for the printer, with $16,500 worth of ads, the first time *Entrepreneur Spirit* had been solidly in the black. He went to C&S for his last $6,000 with which to pay the printer and get the book out, but his banker—the fifth to handle his account—began to hedge: John, lets talk about it.

Thompson grew angry, which must be frightening for anyone on the other side. Look, he said, I've done what I said I would do. I told you it would take this long to get the thing moving. We've got it made, we're over the hump. Yes, John, said the banker, wisely electing to back off and go for reinforcements. Now, we need to have a meeting with you and all the loan guarantors. How about around the end of the month?

The meeting was almost an anticlimax: Thompson had figured what was coming. John, your books aren't right in order and the magazine hadn't been published as regularly as we'd like. We've decided to give you ten days to come up with additional equity capital or find a buyer. Then we'll call in the loans.

What you're telling me, Thompson said slowly, his dark brown eyes fierce, is that you're going to fold this thing up.

The inference was logical. The banker just wouldn't make the phrase.

"I went from New York to Miami trying to find a buyer or money," Thompson said later. "It was just impossible in a ten-day period, and the banks in this town had dried up like a raisin. When a bank like C&S decides it's going to pull in its horns, its tough, Jack."

One of Thompson's associates, a leading Atlanta businessman, agreed.

"Frankly, I was a little dismayed at the callousness with which C&S dealt with John," he said. "I think, from what I know about it, that they were a bit tough on him."

At the end of the ten days, Thompson was finished. The *Constitution* business roundup carried the headline: Entrepreneur Spirit Folds; Bankruptcy Filing Planned.

"It's really a shame he didn't have a good, sharp business manager with him," said Cecil Day, who had a small investment in the magazine. "I think in a normal time John could have made it."

So Thompson, the young entrepreneur, disappeared from the view of Atlanta. The bank came to collect his 73 Malibu, other companies picked up a copier and a typewriter, and the subscription list was sold to pacify the IRS. Desiderata became Deteriorata, and Thompson became a poor man, with $56,000 in debts, no income, a $155 apartment and an ex-wife claiming $500 alimony per month. It was the end of the magazine and the beginning of a winter and spring tougher than any he had lived through as a child in Virginia—a season that demanded a new kind of strength.

Thompson is the first man I meet in Atlanta. He is sitting in the middle of his apartment, dominating a small, steel folding chair in the middle of the largely empty front room. He smokes the stump end of a Marsh-Wheeling Dark Stogie, treating it with the kind affection of a good friend.

"There was a certain calm and a feeling of relief when it was over," he says. "I could just sit back and look at the dust and dead bodies. But after a while I didn't want to look at it anymore." He draws the smoke with relish.

"I shoveled out a room full of manure and found a nugget," he says. "This is humbling, no question. It's also very maturing. I tried something and had it succeeded I'd have been a genius. I don't have a car, but if I had made it I would have had *ten* cars. But I'm a better human being now than I've ever been; I could not have bought the education for the dollars I lost."

Thompson contemplates the cigar with sad fondness, perhaps thinking about all those cars. The stogie has a long ash, and he doesn't quite make it to the ashtray before it floats to the carpet. He presses the cigar out, picks up a matchbook and idly tears it to pieces as he talks.

"This spring I went up to the corner store and I bought three dozen eggs and a block of cheese. All I had for weeks was cheese omelets. I missed almost two months' rent, and they were getting ready to evict my butt. For the first time I couldn't get any money to Kathryn, and, you know, my kids are the most impor-

Neither Thompson nor Hughes nor Atlanta has lost all the flair and confidence that are characteristic of them, but all are now less innocent

Howard Marshall

Howard Marshall sits in his office in the small downtown building that houses the headquarters of Operation LEAP (Leadership and Education for the Advancement of Phoenix). We have been talking about the way people new to poverty handle themselves ("They're used to indulging themselves," he says. "They don't know how to hold back"). And Marshall, frustrated, finally snaps out what's bothering him.

"What about the old poor?" he says. "Nobody ever came to write about them."

Howard Marshall is black. As human services coordinator for LEAP, he's been working with the poor for years, and mostly they have been his people. Now, suddenly, there are a lot more white people suffering in the nation and they become the New Poor. *Now* the newspaper and television reporters come prowling around, asking why should these people stand in line so long, and what's the matter with the system that they have to wait a month for food stamps? As if all this is so different now, so new, so catastrophic. But it has been going on all the time.

"What we have now is not vastly different from what we have had for some time," he says. "It's only a difference in degree. The person who was unemployed three years ago suffered just as much as the people now. It's just that there are more people. Conditions have always been hard for the poor.

"People who have employment are very smug and feel that the king is in his castle and everything is all right. Now we have an unemployment rate over 8 percent nationally; we're all concerned about this and all kinds of programs are being discussed. But the unemployment rate for blacks has been more than 8 percent for over five years. This condition that middle-class people are slipping into is something other people have been suffering through all the time.

"What's the difference between the average American who has a job and the person who is chronically poor? The difference, I have found, is about two paychecks. That puts them both in pretty much the same boat. Suddenly those who have been attacking the unemployed as being lazy people are right there. Sure, there are a lot of poor people who *don't* have any desire, or ambition, or drive. But you break yourself up against a stone wall enough times and you see what happens to that drive and ambition. The difference is about two paychecks."

Marshall, 32, is slender and dynamic. He leans across the desk. Maybe something good is happening, he is hinting; maybe enough middle-class people are finding out about the desperation of poverty to make a difference in policy when they recover, like the candidate who spends a night in jail and gives the rest of his career to prison reform.

"People are getting to know what is going on," he says. "And when they get out, if these people don't forget, *if they don't forget,* then maybe there will be some value to this."

Americus, Georgia: Snapshots

Straining with the effort, William Bailey Williford, author of a history of Americus, wrote that the name of the town, which had been picked out of a hat in 1831, was particularly appropriate because early settlers were high-spirited—"merry cusses"—so each was " a merry cuss."

So much for profundity.

Don Whittaker, clerk and treasurer of the city of Americus, is a former director of personnel for a mobile home components company which had a factory in this town's fully developed industrial park. Now he sits in his large city office at 1:00 in the afternoon, and the ticking gold watch on his wrist reads 5:45. It is earlier or later than he thinks.

"We had 375 to 400 employees in the two plants when I was there from 1969 to August 1974," he says. "Now one of the plants is closed down and the other has 35 employees. This town was the mobile home mecca. Now the business has been butchered.

"The A&P store that was here for years closed last week. A new Masons department store never got established well here and closed in March. You expect some mortality of the smaller stores. You don't expect A&P."

Near the end of his career with the trailer-related company, Whittaker spent most of his time laying people off. He smiles lightly when I ask if this was a difficult job and then tosses off a humorous remark:

"It was a good experience," he says. "Now I think I could execute someone without batting an eye."

Except for the peripheral shopping centers and the industrial park, now crammed with the long steel buildings of the mobile home manufacturing business, Americus seems to be an antebellum town, slow-moving and quiet despite its population of close to 20,000. Along its winding historic drive, the huge Victorian and neoclassic homes are deep-shaded in old trees, while on the north side of town many of the blacks still live in crumbling brick. Just outside the city is Souther Field, where Lindbergh bought his first Jenny and soloed, and about 12 miles beyond are the placid remains of a very grim place: the Andersonville prison. Almost 50,000 Union troops passed through here in 1864-65, and over 900 of them died every month.

A memorable photo was taken in Americus about a hundred years later, sometime in the mid-1960s. It shows white men standing, elbow to elbow, barring the entrance to a church, and black people kneeling on the ground below them.

"It was all very cleverly engineered," says Mayor John Sheffield, with a trace of bitterness. "We took a whipping in the middle '60s. But a lot of us resolved that our two races should get along better. Things have changed now. Oh, good heavens, things have changed."

Pete Novak is large, ebullient and unusually candid for a chamber of commerce executive vice-president. The chamber building is awash with fancy four-color pamphlets, but the one he pulls out of the file and shows is a yellow confidential report which took issue with state labor department unemployment percentages, urging that they be revised upward.

"I can account for 2,600 manufacturing jobs that have been dissipated in about a year," Novak says. "I'm not talking about percentages. I'm talking about reality. I'm convinced that this town is hit the hardest of any in Georgia.

"We're hoping this will work, eventually, to our advantage. We have a new industrial park to be developed, and in the past, when we discussed potential with a company the one thing we couldn't say was that we had an availability of labor. We were a full employment community in May of 1974. Now when a fellow says he's considering putting in a plant and can he get 300 to 400 people, you can say sure."

In one of the buildings of the Marlette Homes plant, there is a distant rumble of air compressors and an omnipresent hissing from the air-powered screwdrivers that hang from the ceiling. The screwdrivers are a symbol of Marlette; other mobile home and manufactured housing builders, management here likes to point out, tend to use staplers.

It is a Wednesday morning. The whole building, where 60 people once worked, is nearly empty. The floor-framing area, where the homes begin to take shape, appears by a trick of skylights to be a stage, glowing with amber light against the darker surrounding areas, which are shadowed by catwalks. There are huge rolls of linoleum and towers of paneling on the edges of the light, standing like actors awaiting their cue, and on a wall behind them is a yellow poster: "Was there ever a better time to cut expenses and improve efficiency?"

Emma Lowe, 29, worked at Phillips Ventline, welding hoods and vents for mobile homes. She was laid off last November 21, and on March 13 of this year she heard that the plant was completely closed. Her husband, Collis, who is not at home when I visit, was a sawyer for a home manufacturer. He was laid off in July 1974.

Their child, Jim, 3 years old, runs in and out of the house. He does not talk; he wails in many tones like a small, intelligent animal. "He needs an operation on his tongue," Emma says. "I want him to have the operation. He needs it so he can learn to talk." Both Collis and Emma draw unemployment compensation. They are paying for their three-bedroom house on the north side of town and one of two Dodges. They may soon have to let the car go.

"I pray a lot. I have woke up and laid in bed and cried, and had one penny. I have woke up and cried and prayed and in the morning a lady called and said when you get through breakfast if you drive me where I needs to go I'll give you $12 for your time."

There is a pecan tree in the back yard, and a vegetable garden. Inside, small and dark on the sofa, Jim licks the mouth of a nearly empty ketchup bottle and watches *The Edge of Night.*

"We were trying to save," Ms. Lowe says and laughs. "We really done blew it. It took Collis six weeks before he got his first unemployment check.

"But I pray and I look at so many people, they are worse off than I am. If there is anything I can do for them . . . . You can't just put your head on your shoulders and forget about the next person."

Leaving, I walk down the steep stairs to my car, and she comes out to say goodbye, slender, black, worn but unencumbered by bitterness.

"Drive careful on the road," she says. "I'll pray. I'll pray for you."

tant thing. They gotta eat." As I talk with him now, Thompson is slightly more secure, having sold a couple of free-lance stories, and he has graduated from omelets to hamburger.

His thick torso leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, Thompson talks about his father. The man was born with only one hand; in the orphanage where he grew up they called him Nubby. He has worked for 43 years in Great Bridge, Virginia, as a window dresser. He is a great man, Thompson says with power, a great man and he'll never know it. He's started every day of his life thinking he's going to be fired. They were poor in Great Bridge; they had no indoor plumbing until after John went away to college. "But we never felt poor, so we weren't. I was raised as a special person." He considers this for a moment and then returns to the present.

"One day I had to catch a flaming bus to go downtown. I had to transfer, so it would cost 30 cents. I had 29 cents. I went out there to the bus stop and I looked around on the sidewalk until I found a flaming penny." He leans back in the little chair and laughs. "Sometimes when I have doubts, and I think maybe I'm just a fool and I don't see it, sometimes when things get tough, you know, I look at my father—he was able to keep his sanity through a lot of stuff—and I think, these things, they really ain't that tough at all. It's dynamite, man."

While Thompson was sinking slowly in the mire of C&S, other parts of Atlanta life were becoming equally sodden. One of these was public relations.

You bake an economic cake, in the good times, and it is rich with dates and walnuts in three layers, and you spread on a thick icing of P.R. But when sugar goes up off the graph and it costs you twice as much to run your oven, you forget the icing and make your cake with carrots. P.R. takes the first shot, square in the accounts receivable. So today in Atlanta, a P.R. executive says grumpily: "All the firms are hurting, but nobody's going to talk about it, friend." A proper tribute to the profession of the false front.

But one man who is going to talk about it is Dana Hughes. Hughes is not bitter; or at least if he is, he is still too well-trained to show it. It's just that he has gone through recessions before, but he has never before been unemployed, and it startles him.

Hughes is an urbane man of 52, a former resident of New York, Pennsylvania and Cape Cod. He has a strong face with sharp blue eyes and whitening sideburns; the picture of the candidate: youth singed with responsibility. He can be brusque when he wants to be, and on the morning I visit him he is as crisp as a Massachusetts spring; I am to be superseded shortly by an appointment with a dentist. His answers are short, and there are uncomfortable gaps in the conversation as I write it down, and he chides me gently for lacking a tape recorder. I left mine in the car for a reason, but I agree.

In the clean, cool room, with its simple upholstered chairs in red and white, Hughes, tidy in grey slacks and a dark green wool shirt, sits among a scattering of brass eagles: a small one on a balance scale and a large one painted on a black milk can. The two-story, three-bedroom brick home is worth at least $50,000, and until the first of 1975 Hughes was worth two-thirds of that a year. He explains the circumstance:

In 1972, after a successful P.R. career which began in 1949, he had dropped out of the rat race, he thought,

FRANCONIA COLLEGE

In The White Mountains of New Hampshire

A student centered approach to education emphasizing individual goals and degree planning, seminar style courses, tutorials and practical, field work experiences. Liberal and Fine Arts, growing Environmental Studies program. AA and BA degrees. Limited openings in specific disciplines for Fall 1975. Financial aid available. Write Franconia College, Box N, Franconia, New Hampshire 03580. Tel. (603) 823-5545.

Sleep On Cloud 9...

INFLATE·A·BED
• For Sleeping,
• Camping,
• Boating,
• Relaxing,
• Swimming
• Playing,
• Loving

The only guest bedroom you can store on a shelf!

CLOUD NINE—A luxurious, velvet-tufted, air coil bed you inflate in minutes with a vacuum cleaner (comes with adaptor). Use it as a permanent mattress or store on a shelf for overnight guests. Use it in a camper, or doze your way across a lake on it (the soft, flocked finish prevents sticking or burning while sunbathing). Use it as a pleasurable new experience to share with the one you love!

CLOUD NINE takes the sea-sickness and water out of water beds, but gives the same relaxing give-and-take feel. The specially patented "air coil" construction, consisting of individual polyvinyl air support coils, supports your body evenly—you don't sink down, and the sides don't fly up as with inexpensive vinyl plastic furniture. No frame or innerspring is needed yet it is more comfortable than a conventional mattress. A Full Warranty is Included.

CLOUD NINE—incredibly light, incredibly tough (20 mil. Poly Vinyl Chloride). It cleans easily with soap and water—the color does not wash out. An exciting new way to sleep, relax and love. Try one for 2 weeks—no obligation.

Please send me the following CLOUD NINE inflatable bed(s). If not fully satisfied I can return it within 2 weeks for an immediate refund.

☐ Twin Size @ $59.95 ☐ Full Size @ $69.95
☐ Queen Size @ $79.95 ☐ King Size @ $99.95

☐ Check or M.O. Enclosed (IL res. add 5% sales tax)
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche
(Add $3.95 for shipping and insurance)

Charge Card # __________
Master Charge Bank # ______ (4 digits) Exp. Date ______
Name __________
Address __________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
NT-7/75
Signature __________

Contemporary Marketing, Inc.
607A Country Club Dr., Bensenville, Ill. 60106
Call Toll Free: 800-323-2408 Illinois call: 312-595-0461

and was running a hardware store on Cape Cod. But he was becoming sick unto despair of weighing out birdseed and nails. So when Tucker Wayne and Company, one of the largest advertising agencies in the Southeast, proposed that he run its new venture into public relations in Atlanta, he approached his family in his normally abrupt manner.

"I've got a bomb to drop," he said. "We're moving to the South." His daughter, Susan, then 16, suddenly shattered by an image of redneck thugs with shotguns, threatened to run away. She didn't, and they moved to Atlanta.

At the peak of his operation, Hughes had a staff of five P.R. people and three secretaries, and was billing his clients—motels, banks, a railroad and transportation company, agri-businesses, resorts and real estate developers—for $250-$275,000 a year. Then, in June 1974, about the time that John Thompson was seeing bankers flash past him like men running for a departing bus, business began to curdle. Clients were pulling their P.R. work inside their own operations or were trimming their budgets of excess, which, they reasoned, included much P.R. With the billings dropping off, Tucker Wayne became nervous, and the company gave Hughes fair warning: If it's not turned around by the first of next year, we're going to withdraw from this game ourselves.

For Hughes, who spent two and a half years in the Pacific during World War II as a marine corporal, the next six months were like waiting in a foxhole or on a landing craft, knowing that sometime soon things were going to turn to flame and thunder, but not knowing when or from which quarter.

Without telling his children, he began to plan for unemployment. Credit-card bills were paid off and the cards destroyed. Charge accounts were closed. Membership in a tennis club was terminated. Trips to Florida and Cape Cod and elegant evenings in town were canceled. And a cash reserve began to build up. Then, one evening between Christmas and the New Year, Hughes and his wife, Barbara, called Susan and Richard, their 24-year-old son, into the living room. "I've got a bomb to drop," Hughes said quietly. "Tucker Wayne is closing us down; I'm out of a job."

The first thing Susan said was, "I'm not leaving."

Tucker Wayne gave Hughes three months' severance pay, a generosity he was embarrassed to accept. I'll cut it off as soon as I get a job, he told the company, never imagining that he would use it all and still be unemployed. But this spring, with the three months behind him, he talks wryly about his early expectations.

"I've never been unemployed before," he says. "It's a new and not very pleasant experience. I didn't anticipate it as it has been; I went two months before I had a meaningful interview—I had no solid interview until March. The people on the hiring side today are very selective; the requirements are unbelievable."

Hughes usually meets most requirements and is frequently complemented on his strong background. But there are just not many jobs available in this volatile field, which, he says grimly, is always the first to go and the last to come back.

"I've got a lot of things working," he says. "But people are deferring their decisions. In a lot of cases I'm the surviving candidate—when and if they decide to hire."

Hughes himself is still being selective: He wants a $30-40,000 package with emphasis now upon retirement. But in the past, holding out for what he wants has not hurt him, and he knows that in a normal time things would be different.

It is an odd adjustment for a man accustomed to pressure and a hard routine, but it has its benefits.

"We're on a cash basis now for everything," he says, "and that's a pretty nice way to be. We used to spend a lot for gas; we don't now. We stay at home, and we don't particularly miss the travel."

Unemployment has not been as financially devastating to Hughes as it is to most people, mainly because of the chance he had to prepare for it. But it has worn on him, grinding across the blade of his self-confidence.

"You can't let yourself get down," he says. "You have to psych yourself up. I'm lucky; I stay with family and friends when I go to New York for interviews. If I had to stay in a motel I don't think I could take it. No, I don't think it's had an effect on my self-confidence." He pauses. "I can't let it."

Hughes talks with little animation and only an occasional quick, bright flash of white teeth. With a laugh that is a little tight, perhaps because of the impending dentist, he talks about the leper syndrome, an idea he picked up from an Art Buchwald column. When people know you are unemployed, you are marked, he says. They don't exactly huddle in wide-eyed groups against the wall when you enter the room, and the girls don't scream "unclean, unclean," but you get the feeling that you smell of failure. If your shoes are scuffed the young men look at each other and communicate in silence: He's slipping. It's getting to him.

"People are so insecure themselves that they are just scared to death," Hughes says. "They're not quite sure when it could happen to them. Lower and middle management people are just scared even to talk to you."

Like John Thompson, and like Atlanta, Dana Hughes is taking an unfamiliar journey, and an uncomfortable one. Thompson thinks there is a pivotal change brewing: "People are afraid enough; things are going to happen. We won't see the great blind charging forward in which we eat up everything in our path. People at all levels are realizing they can get by on less, and we're going to be a lot more sane than we have been in the past." But Hughes does not draw such dramatic conclusions. Instead, he uses the phrase that has been repeated so often in the last few months that it is beginning to sound like the light at the end of the tunnel.

"I think it's bottomed out," he says. "Right now I'm more concerned with where the government's going. I think we're going to be right back in raging inflation in 18 months."

Again like Thompson and Atlanta, Hughes is unsettled. Thompson dug a hole for himself big enough to hide an elephant while Hughes was building a foundation of prudence, but they are both on the same moving sidewalk, and the conveyor is the city that was, not long ago, the pride of the South. Neither Thompson nor Hughes nor Atlanta has lost all the flair and confidence that are characteristic of them, but all are now less innocent and more tempered by trouble. And all are still a bit surprised that the bright time should so quickly turn to grey.

One weekday afternoon a few weeks ago, Dana Hughes walked downstairs from writing letters of application. There in the family room were Susan, Richard and Cinders, a blasé black and white cat. They were watching *All My Children*, a soap opera. Hughes, the man who relishes pressure and the turmoil of corporate relationships, was sucked almost unconsciously into the maudlin plot. For a while the four of them watched in silence as the little people cried and shouted in metallic rage. Then, like a cartoon character awakening after being assaulted by a thousand-pound chicken, he glanced around him in astonishment.

"I can't believe I'm here," he said. "Here at home, at 1:00 in the afternoon, watching *this*. I can't believe it." ●

Datsun 610. From the same engineers who brought you the Z.

You've watched the Datsun Z-Car legend grow over the past five years. But you may be surprised at what we have to tell you about another Datsun, the 610. It's designed by the same engineers that brought you the Z. Its overall engineering profile is remarkably similar to the Z, which makes it a great road car.

The 610's 2-liter engine has an overhead camshaft, same as the Z-Car. It's more expensive to make than a standard push-rod engine, but smoother running thanks to 43% fewer parts. The camshaft rides in four, not three, bearings, which makes the valve geometry more accurate and keeps things in harmony. The crankshaft rides in five main bearings. The aluminum head dissipates heat better than cheaper (but more common) cast iron. And it has a double roller chain, oil-bathed enclosed camshaft drive instead of the more common rubber belt. In all, a sum total of engineering advances that produces overall driving excellence. Turn on a Datsun 610, and you'll know exactly what we mean.

Datsun Saves

Datsun 610 specs: Engine: 4-cyl. SOHC water cooled. Bore and stroke: 3.35 in. x 3.39 in. Compression ratio: 8.5:1. Wheelbase: 98.4 in. Curb weight: 2,552 lbs. (Hardtop). Transmission: All-synchro 4-speed, floor shifter (or optional 3-speed automatic). Suspension: Independent front and rear (except Wagon). Tires: 165SR-13 radials.

AMERICA'S NEW POOR

Drifter

Phoenix, Ariz.—The Arizona State Senate has killed a House-passed measure that would have provided a mandatory six-month jail sentence for all persons convicted of welfare fraud. —*News item*

Frederick Torrez

If there were to be an investigation, and a witness was found, he would say he remembers the smile. The probe would go back to an early Phoenix morning, in which the desert had released all its heat and lay in a hard chill, and might find a man who had stood in the dark beside a smoldering 55-gallon trash drum outside the welfare office at 1209 W. Madison.

The witness would be asked: What was this man like, this man you stood next to and talked to from midnight until early morning, this Frederick Torrez?

And he would say, yes, the smile. It was big, yes, big in a thick-thatched face heavy at the bottom end, like a pear. This Torrez man had thick glasses, but he smiled big, like a clown at the children, made you want to laugh. The smile flashed, quick, on and off. And inside the smile were the little teeth, tiny ivory plants pushed into pink earth, planted apart in the wide garden. Young teeth, stained yellow with smoke. Funny, he didn't look like a Mexican.

Sensing, perhaps, that the investigator wants more than a smile, the witness might volunteer with a shrug: This Torrez, he was nervous, he smoked many cigarettes; he walked about in the darkness, he gathered wood from a broken house for our fire, which offered little warmth, and when the man came at 4:00 in the morning and opened the doors, he crowded in near the front of the line.

There are many nights like this in Phoenix. During the day, heat swirls on dry winds through the mesquite bushes and the saguaro cactus, which grow in the sand around the town, and dust devils kick through the empty lots between the checkerboard miles of subdivisions on the widening perimeter. Thunderstorms flower on the same ripe, lifting heat that

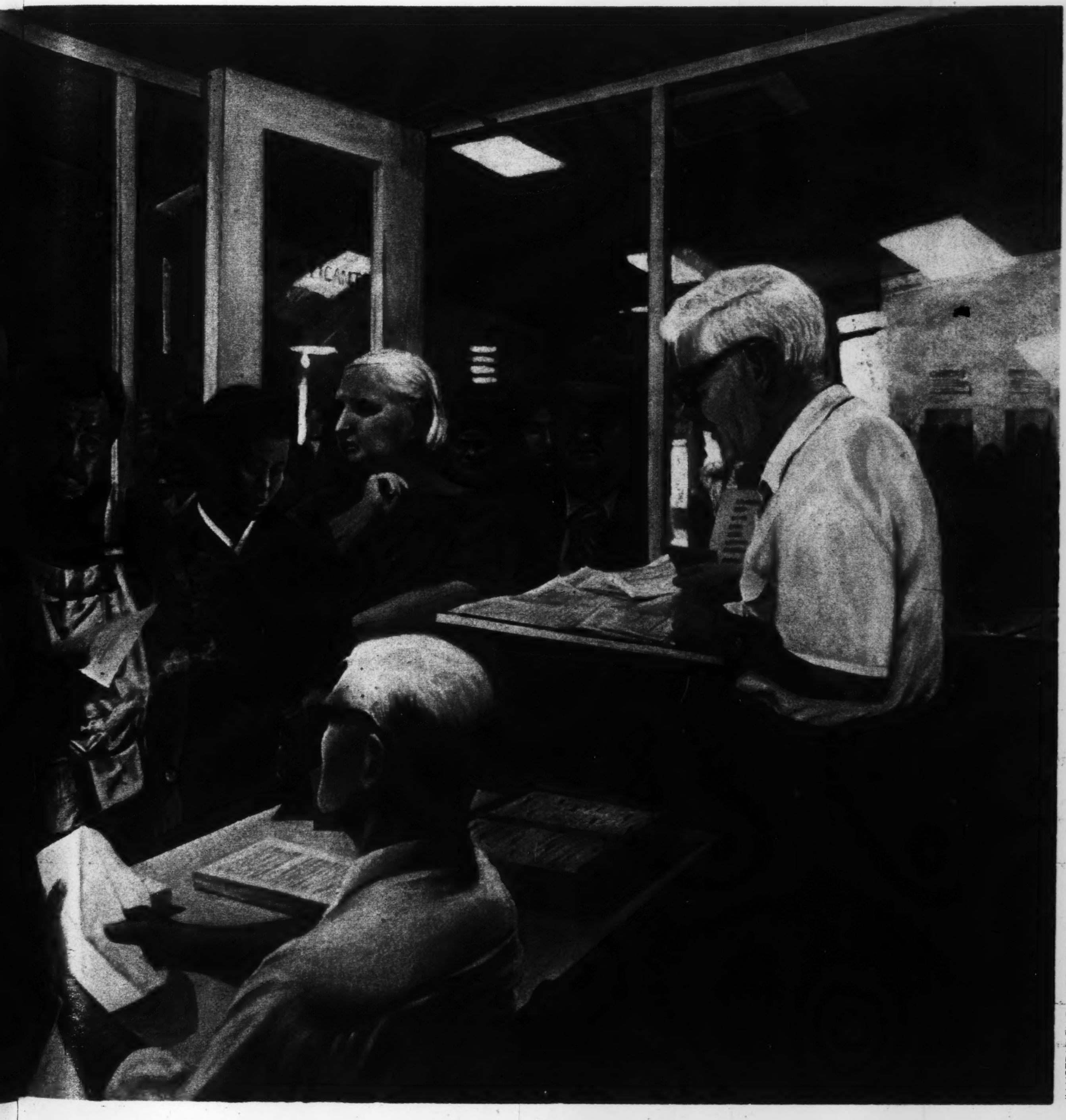


ILLUSTRATION BY HIGGINS BOND

He slams the kitchen door. "Oh, my God," he says, "what a mess. Don't look in there." It is the closest he comes to telling me that something is hidden

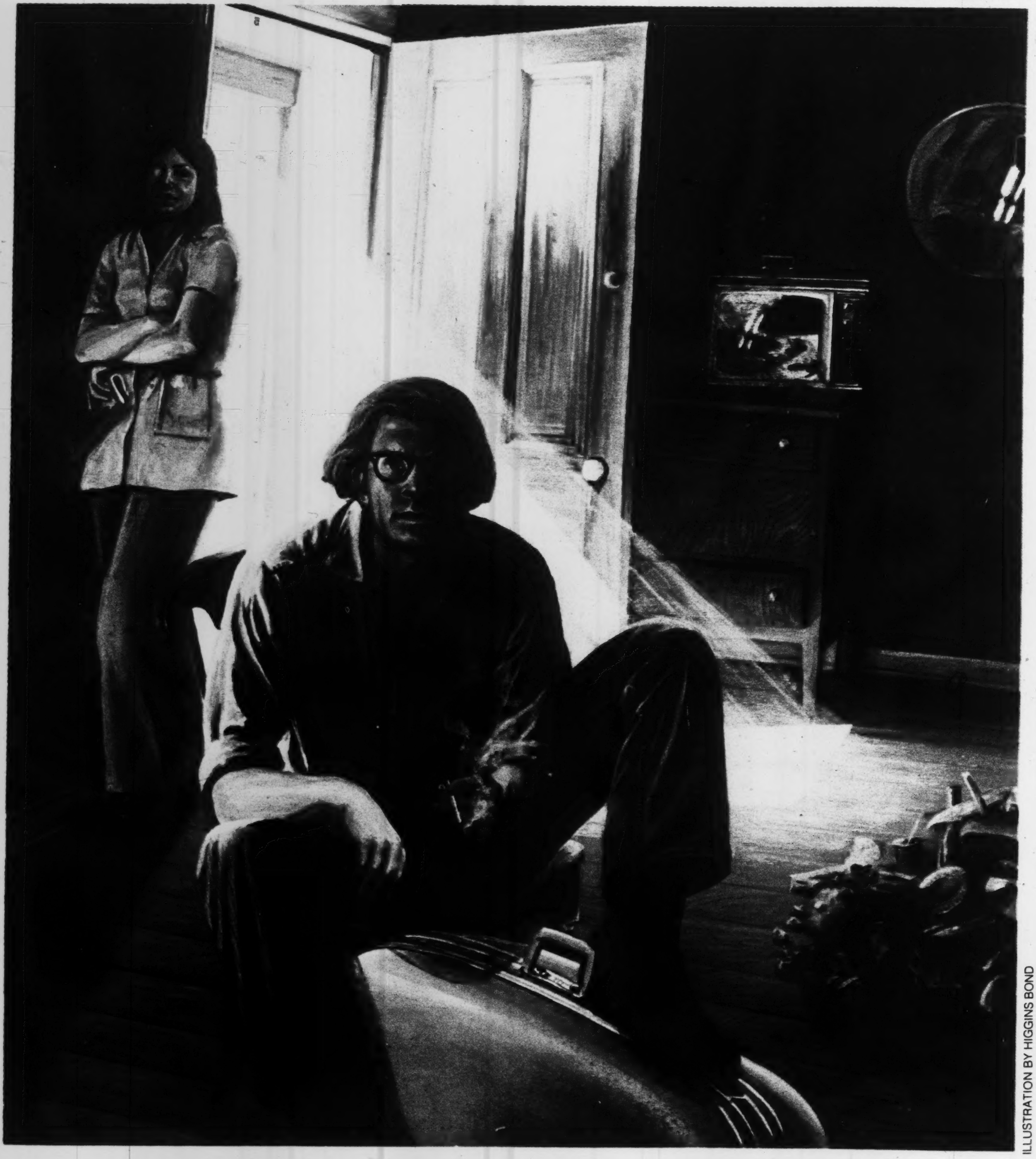


ILLUSTRATION BY HIGGINS BOND

holds a dozen gliders wheeling like lean hawks above the city, and the clouds drop dark rain which melts back into vapor before it hits the land. But the red twilight blots up the heat the day has given, and the gliders land, and the night is cold.

Phoenix is not a city for night amusement, and working people usually go home in the evening, back to their square stucco homes landscaped with cactus and painted gravel, back to the buildings whose construction, until this year, made this town a boomer. But today many of the platted subdivisions stand empty, and the employee parking lots at Motorola and Sperry and Western Electric no longer clot in the sweet tangle of full employment. Official unemployment in Maricopa County, which encompasses this city, is now 11.4 percent, but there are those who think 14 percent is more like the truth.

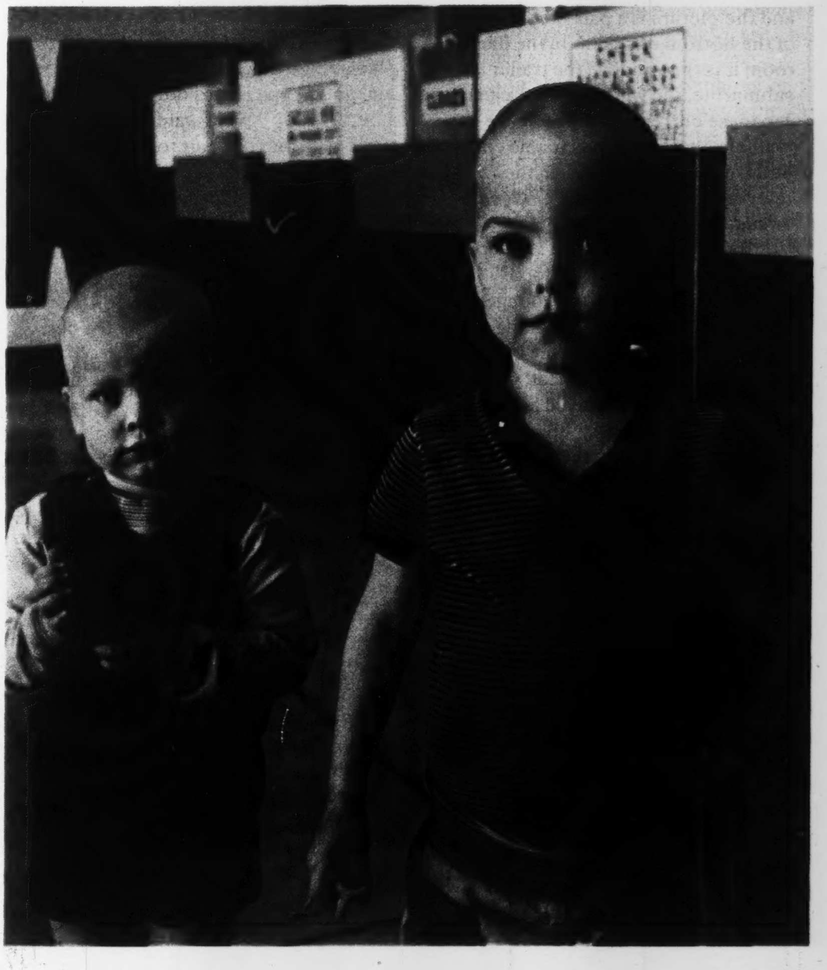
Torrez's two children are here, and they are bald. Their fuzzy heads give them a lofty, serious look that is at once comical and disturbing...

So every night there is a small ingress into the heart of the city of people newly struck by poverty. They come to stand all night in the welfare lines on Madison Ave. or 16th St. and hope that when the day's applications for food stamps or Aid for Dependent Children are cut off at 7:00 a.m., that their names have been recorded.

In mid-spring Frederick Torrez spent his obligatory night in the line and had his food stamp application processed. A short time later I drove to Phoenix, looking for somebody who could tell me what it was like to be newly poor in this town whose name symbolized rejuvenation. And in the morning Torrez and I came separately to LEAP (Leadership and Education for the Advancement of Phoenix) Community Service Center Number Two, one of three municipal clearinghouses for help of all kinds, and there we were introduced.

So as a witness to Frederick Torrez I'm about as good as any, though I'd tell you about his smile first myself. I liked the man, and I was probably as well acquainted with him as anyone, now that he's gone.

Places like the LEAP Center, palaces of poverty, throng with journalists. We come here simply because we cannot stand the baldness of the statistics that say the nation is suffering; we want to paint faces on them. So we talk to people in lines, people who are half-humiliated and half-pleased to be interviewed, and we ask caseworkers and administrators, please, find me a family of eight on food stamps, or, I need to talk to a divorced black man of about 27 with two kids and a dog who was laid off last Friday. Thus wrenched from what they



"William Watkins"

The television's color is cold. Somehow the big console set is broken and the picture is a pale blue, the color of the bottom of a pool. In the dark room it is the window; the trailer is a submarine, the wind that rocks it is the Japanese current eddying and we—the William Watkins family (name changed) and I—are looking through the television set into reality. *Gilligan's Island.*

There are bits of green paper on the floor, and a yellow balloon. Christina (Chrissy), 2, the youngest of four, waddles around in soaking shorts and sporadically puffs at the balloon. A plump tan and white tomcat, Georgie Porgie, sleeps in his frayed harness on the couch, and Chrissy divides her time between the balloon, the television and pounding on Georgie.

Sarah, Watkins' wife, is watching *Gilligan* with complete attention, laughing loudly when prompted by the machine, and I am asking Watkins some questions. He is 35, he's a laid-off lathe worker, he draws unemployment compensation, the place is Rockford, Illinois, and on the tube Gilligan is having a strange dream about killing his fellow islanders. Watkins talks over the noise.

"I'm a subversive. I move around a bit. Sometimes somebody won't hire me because of my long hair and beard. I don't give a shit. If they don't want to hire me because of the way I look, I wouldn't want to work for them anyway. I don't give a shit, and most of the guys I know don't give a shit. I didn't fail the country; the country's what failed me."

Gilligan's dream has turned absurd. He's being tried in an English court for killing his friends. There is a stench in the room: Chrissy *really* needs changing now. Sarah and the two boys, Harold and Eddie, are laughing at Gilligan, who is protesting loudly in an English accent. Watkins is talking.

"I move from job to job. I get dissatisfied—either that or I'm scared of security—I don't like to stay in one place; it becomes a bore, don't you agree? You know, you're a better machinist if you move from job to job. Now, things aren't real tough — if I have to go on and on, they will be. I mean, it's not easy, I don't get noplace, I'm just in stagnant water."

"Get your butt to your bed," Sarah is snapping at Chrissy, who is sitting gooily on the carpet. Gilligan is being defended before a wigged judge by a barrister calling herself Mary Poppins. Watkins is talking.

"I'm a subversive person. I believe in revolution. I think the best thing that happened since the revolution of 1776 was the revolution of the 1960s, the revolution that stopped the war. We need another revolution. I'm getting more subversive all the time. I mean, if they said let's go down to City Hall and burn it down, I'd go. Say, you sure you aren't with the CIA?"

Watkins is curled in his chair, heels against one upholstered arm. Behind him is a crisp poster of a semi-naked Cher, and beside it is a collage of metal objects, sprung about with flags. Gilligan is now cross-examining a witness, a flower girl who says he taught her how to speak proper English. Chrissy, her pants now full of debris, is standing in front of the television, a striped engineer's cap pulled down over her eyes. Sarah is laughing. William is talking.

"I used to be a Democrat. I don't vote at all anymore. When they elected Nixon, that done me. Talk about Patty Hearst. The pigs are looking for her. I'd hide her if she came here: Look at it this way—she ripped her old man off a couple million, but he probably ripped us off for $25 million. What we need is another revolution like we had in the '60s. The young kids will start it again."

Gilligan is rolling around in the dirt, coming out of his dream. He rolls to a strange patch of turf and falls through a trap door in the island. Sarah is laughing. Chrissy is beating Georgie on the head with her heel. William is

"I didn't fail the country," says Watkins. "The country's what failed me"

silent for a moment, and the television set laughs. He is thinking about the state lottery, on which he spends $3 a week. He grins, revealing bent teeth.

"Sure I enter the lottery. I got dreams. Sure I do, why not? Everybody's buying lottery tickets. If I won the lottery, the $50,000 a year for life, I'd rip them off; I'd put it in Chrissy's name; she's 2, she's got 70 years to live, right? And you figure, anybody like that would give her dad half, right? If I get that $50,000, I wouldn't put my feet down anywhere. I'd do something with my life."

Gilligan is over. The commercials are sprouting like weird seaweed beyond our window to the world. "Quick, change the channel," Sarah tells Harold. Harold knows what she's talking about. He flips the switch and our view flutters and goes still. We are looking out the other side of our vessel into a new sea of life. The beginning of a new show comes on the screen slowly, dissolving into form as if we had kicked up sand. *Gilligan's Island.*

should be doing, the workers gripe, then try to help.

So this morning I am sitting in the office of Tony Cornejo, an information referral supervisor, and Cornejo is annoyed at my request. But after fighting me too long with generalizations, he grabs a young man from the crowd waiting in the lobby and brings him in. "His name's Frederick Torrez," he says, reading from a sheet. "He's what you're looking for."

Cornejo leaves and Torrez, wearing khaki pants stained with soft patches of white, battered cowboy boots, an untucked white shirt and a brown corduroy jacket, sits down uncomfortably. We look at each other in silence for a moment; he adjusts his glasses, which are held together with gum.

In the pause the telephone on the desk begins to ring, and we both shift nervously as it repeatedly begs us to answer it and put it out of its pain. Finally it dies and with a flash of that big smile Torrez accepts my introduction and begins to tell his story, dutifully at first and then, when I show obvious interest and start writing things down, with more passion. He speaks with a faint Brooklyn accent, heavily corrupted by a California drawl.

He had worked in Anaheim, California, in stucco, he says, spraying the stuff on new walls. He'd had pretty good work since '69, but this winter it went sour. A friend set up a job in Phoenix, five days a week guaranteed, so he and his wife, Margie, and their two boys, Frederick, 4, and Johnny, 2, packed their limited belongings in their '63 Plymouth station wagon and left for Arizona. The station wagon was unique: Torrez had bolted a camper top onto the roof, so it was a kind of two-story car with room to sit and sleep on the second floor. But some distance from the small desert town of Quartzite, California, and a great distance from anywhere else, the engine threw a rod and the car expired. Torrez gave the machine to the Quartzite wrecker for the tow, sold their portable TV and the kids' toys and made it to Phoenix by bus.

The work wasn't worth the trip:

The first week, he says, he worked two days, and was thereafter lucky to make a day a week. They are now living in a motel room for $42 a week because they can't pay apartment deposits. Now he has applied for food stamps, he is stone broke, the rent is due and he is trying to find the cash to put Margie and the kids on the 5:00 p.m. Greyhound back to her parents in Anaheim.

"And what are you going to do?" He lifts his shoulders slightly and smiles again. "I don't know. I'll hitchhike somewhere to find some work."

Cornejo sweeps brusquely back into the room and joins the conversation, inserting at the end the LEAP motto: "The poor we shall always have, but why the hungry?" When he has heard enough of Torrez's story and has learned that I have offered to drive him to his next encounter, he says he wants to talk to the young man alone. I stand to leave and Cornejo walks me to the door and says quietly: "Check the bus schedule." Nothing more. Cornejo, who says he can sense fraud like a truck driver smelling a cop six miles out, is laying some kind of hint; a soft warning that he isn't sure of this man. The suggestion irritates me, but it ferments rapidly in my mind and I watch Torrez with a sharpened awareness.

Frederick Torrez. A strange name. Frederick, a name with an echo of long trumpets, and Torrez, itching to be spelled Torres and slip away into Spanish sibilance. A stucco worker. His description of the work is detailed and unburdened by exaggeration or vagueness, and his jacket and pants are his strongest alibi: They are stained in long, white streaks of plaster. But when I see his food stamp I.D. card, the photo, which seems to be him, is partly obscured by a kind of glue rash under the plastic. He passes his thumb idly over the rash, rubbing it as if conscious that it produces doubts.

Torrez comes cheerfully out of the interview with Cornejo. He has not been given the $10 he wanted and had been waiting in the LEAP Center since 8:00 a.m. to find, but the morning is not quite over and Cornejo has made an appointment for him at the Salvation Army, where he might hope for a bus ticket discount.

Torrez leaves his diffidence inside the LEAP Center and strides out with me to the car with the certainty of the tour guide. It is plain to him now that I am neither going to wail over his hardship nor offer him money, but I can give him one thing: importance. I am the tourist on the dung heap, and he will take pleasure in showing me the ants and maggots and interior decomposition. This new role pleases him; it relieves him of his pose as supplicant and the big smile becomes less beguiling and more relaxed.

The Salvation Army has a small office in the corner of its rambling building on Jefferson St. It is 11:30 when we arrive, and on the television high on the wall a newsman is interviewing a clown with a painted smile while seven or eight men, red-eyed, stubble-faced and mostly young, sit around the edge of the room below, watching the floor as if something faintly edible was crawling there. A woman at the counter is arguing, "No, I cannot help you, I'm just the receptionist," and she takes advantage of our entrance to break off and holler that one of us should sit against the door and admit some air. So I become the doorstop while Torrez leans against a table. An almost imperceptible breeze comes in, with voices, from outside, but the close room barely stirs.

He's really stretching it now, desperate to remain important to me, now regretting his inability to tell me the truth

"The biggest problem is the waiting," Torrez says in a near whisper as if afraid to crash the silence. "Talking helps. It always helps to talk. If you keep it in yourself, the tension builds up. I hit a wall once," the smile flashes, "and I learned something: Don't hit another wall." He laughs abruptly. "I also learned another thing: Don't come back to Phoenix."

At noon some of the men in the room and smoking outside drift away. Torrez explains, considerate of my ignorance. They are going to the steak line, the free lunch at St. Vincent De Paul Church.

"I went there one of the days I was walking around looking for work," Torrez says. "I don't know what it was; something in a bowl. I gave mine away and ate the crackers."

"F. J. Torrez?" A muscular female voice rings from somewhere down a green hall. Now more and more the gentleman, Torrez inclines his head. "Excuse me," he says, as if reluctantly answering a summons from the maitre d', and then follows the voice. Behind him the tapered end of his white shirt flops out under his brown jacket like a tail.

He returns, smiling again, Greyhound discount folded in his pocket. He can now put his family on the bus. "Now," he says, "let's go get my food stamps."

In the car he lights a Marlboro and smokes with hands that shake—and the cigarette jutting straight outward like a boom. The talk comes faster now, and I prompt with fewer questions.

"I'm 29. Been working since I was 14. My father got tired of having me around, gave me $50 and told me not to come back for two months. I worked as a box boy, making $2.25, better than what I'm doing now." He finishes the cigarette and asks if he can use my ashtray, then lights another and continues: "Best job I ever had was in Wheeling, West Virginia, hauling explosives. Best paying job I ever had, but the company went out of business. I've worked for more companies that went out of business."

We return to the welfare office at 1209 W. Madison, where some days before Torrez had stood through the night. The room is full of people now, and we sit in one corner, Torrez on the edge of the chair, hunched forward, elbows on his knees, smoking and waiting.

Now we sink into a rhythm. It is as if the room carries patience like a disease; we have no fear of time. Every half hour Torrez gets up, says, "Back to the madhouse line," smiles and joins a column of people before a counter, his white tail hanging behind him. I watch him work to the front, his thumbs in his pockets, and I watch the young girl there listen intently again to what he is saying, though she knows it by heart: I need my stamps this afternoon. Each time she tells him she will go check, and each time when she returns I see her shake her head seriously. The authorization is just waiting to be typed; it should be ready in half an hour. Torrez returns.

"It's the only way to do anything," he says. "You have to keep pushing. See what a runaround you get?"

The room throbs. There is a small, black puppy wearing a red ribbon that drifts around underfoot. Someone calls it: Trucker! A Japanese woman in an orange pants suit shouts at her 3-year-old son and raises her hand. The boy cowers, but the blow is restrained. A white woman with black hair and a gentle smile shuffles over to the boy and, unbidden, sings to him softly in an ethereal, sad voice. The boy listens, amazed, his restlessness frozen, and when she stops to smoke he hands her a matchbook. The room flashes periodically as someone makes I.D. cards in the back, an electrician bangs with apparent rage on an invisible conduit and two or three phones ring forever. A beautiful black girl in silver sunglasses and a floor-length maroon dress walks through the room with regal poise, and although her slow steps are sure, everyone is suddenly aware that she is blind. She settles into a chair, holding a bag of Sugar Babies by a crumpled top, and, resting her rich wave of hair against the wall, she falls asleep.

A gaunt man in a torn sweatshirt is arguing with a bald head behind the counter. Torrez has overheard the conversation, which has run all afternoon.

"His stamps were late," he says. "He's disabled, so he used his Aid for Dependent Children money to buy food, and now he doesn't have any money to buy his food stamps. That sort of thing is always happening here."

I am still watching Torrez with some suspicion, but it is not as irritating as it was—he seems to be attempting something, but it does not include using me. And he is not faking his anger at this other man's frustration; he seems, instead, to be restraining it for me. If Cornejo, trained in the art of plucking frauds, senses something false in this man, I sense something genuine. Torrez is not accustomed to the role of the modern beggar; he is not glib, and this waiting makes him bounce on his toes and extinguish half-smoked cigarettes.

Then, suddenly, the wait is over. A woman steps to the counter, recites a brief flurry of names, among them F. J. Torrez, and in a flash of speed that seems out of place against the languor of our afternoon, he receives the required document and we are outside.

There is one more stop, at a food stamps sales office, where there are more lines and where another small boy squats on the floor methodically filling a Coke can with cigarette butts. But these lines move quickly and Torrez reemerges into the Phoenix sun with a big smile of relief and a small packet of red, white and blue tickets, which, properly traded, mean $154 worth of food. For these he has paid nothing but time.

Phoenix spreads a vast plain of buildings against the walking man. What Torrez had planned to do on foot to get his wife to the bus he didn't bother to say, but since I was there a complex logistical problem was made easy.

The motel was on the east side, on Van Buren Ave., past downtown and on into the grim, garish wonderland of pawnshops and used furniture establishments of the type that adorns every city and contributes so much to humankind's sleazy reputation. The night before, two men had been killed in a bar fight across the street; Torrez had heard the shots.

The Shady Rest Motel. The sign is painted green. The cottonwoods in the central courtyard, around which gather a half-dozen greasy cottages, are all pruned back to nubs, and they stand around like land-mined veterans without limbs. Only a pair of stunted cedars wave yellow-fingered leaves at the sun, offering blots of shade, each large enough for one chair.

Torrez grows restless as we approach the motel, his last cigarette jutting from his mouth, which is turned down in what is apparently severe thought. At the entrance we are met by a slightly overweight girl in short hair and jeans who smiles to reveal a badly chipped front tooth. This is Margie. She leans in Torrez's window with urgency and whispers, and I hear what I shouldn't.

"They've found out about the check."

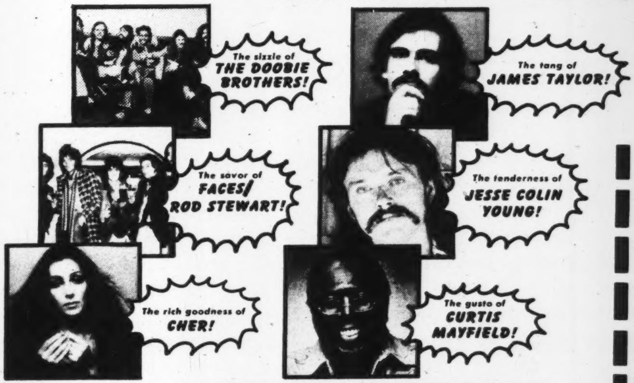
Without looking, I watch. Torrez is jolted, and his insouciance dissolves.

NO FAT, FLAB OR FILLERS! NO CEREAL, EXTENDERS OR STIFFS! NO POTATOES!

WARNER BROS. RECORDS' NEW SAMPLER ALBUM IS

ALL MEAT!

. . . a fantastic compilation of prime cuts . . . with the price cut to the bone! 25 untrimmed selections from choice Warner Bros., Reprise, Capricorn, Bearsville and Curtom albums . . . all for only $2.00 — a price that eliminates profit from our diets while adding essential audio protein to yours!



The sizzle of THE DOOBIE BROTHERS!
The tang of JAMES TAYLOR!
The savor of FACES/ ROD STEWART!
The tenderness of JESSE COLIN YOUNG!
The rich goodness of CHER!
The gusto of CURTIS MAYFIELD!

PLUS-- the tantalizing flavors of TODD RUNDGREN, ELVIN BISHOP, WET WILLIE, COMMANDER CODY & HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN, THE BEAU BRUMMELS, MARTIN MULL, LABELLE, JIMI HENDRIX, EARTH, WIND 8 FIRE and numerable others!

★TRY THIS SIMPLE TEST!

Put an ordinary record album between two slices of your favorite bread and take a big bite. The record is thin . . . tough . . . evil-tasting.

Now put a copy of Warner Bros.' ALL MEAT sampler on your phonograph. The music is rich . . . intriguing . . . delightful . . . satisfying.

PROOF that ALL MEAT is your BEST RECORD BUY!

ALL MEAT, c/o Warner Bros. Records NTS 1
P.O. Box 6868, Burbank, Calif. 91510.

Meat jokes, huh? Okay, let's see how you take a little *ribbing*. I've decided to *steak* the enclosed $2.00 on your new two-record sampler. See? I can do it too. How do you like being on the other side for a change? I thought so.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Allow six weeks for delivery. Available in U.S. and Canada only.
Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records. Mustard not included.

"Shit," he whispers back. "I'll fix it."

I drive at his direction to the rearmost house. He jumps out and walks quickly in the direction of the office, while I enter the building with Margie.

There are two children here, and they are bald. Their fuzzy heads give them a lofty, serious look that is at once comical and disturbing. You want to think of them as either infants or old men, and the urge to rub the fuzz is impossible to resist. I stroke Frederick's scalp, which feels like an unshaved melon, and he stares up at me with such a steady, strong clarity of pain that I am sorry and wish to apologize. "We cut their hair a week ago; couldn't stand it long anymore," Torrez has already told me. "Frederick wouldn't leave the room for four days."

But Margie just laughs at her son's discomfort. Margie is 18. She was 14 when Frederick was born. They are children together, although Frederick's eyes are darker and more mature in their suffering than her own.

The room is bleak beyond relief. A bed and a black and white TV. The television is the center of brightness; although no one quite knows what's on, all eyes return there as if to a safe home before exploring the room and the other faces there. Bags are packed and piled in a rough lump on the floor and on the lopsided bed; Margie stands and smokes, flipping through a magazine. Doors to the bathroom and kitchen are closed. The air smells slightly stale in an organic way, like the smell of cracks around a kitchen sink.

On his return, Torrez is unsmiling. There is no communication between him and Margie, although she looks to him for some sign. If he is doing something, juggling lies, she is an inexperienced accomplice, and she looks to him for help from habit, not training.

"We'll go to the bus now," he says. "Right now. This guy's going to give us a ride." He gestures toward me. "Margie, here's 50 cents. Go up to the corner and buy me some cigarettes."

"What do we have to go so early for?" she asks him petulantly, peeved that she doesn't know what happened at the office.

"Get me some cigarettes, dammit."

She goes to the door. Eleven years younger than he is, she obeys him automatically; in all the chaos of her life—and the long tumult is easily seen on her face—he is both the storm center and the calm. She has nothing else to grasp.

After she leaves, Torrez remains fierce, moving in tense, restrained motion across the room, uncertain of what to do first, afraid, now, that whatever he has made will now crumple. Then he stops and stands silent in the center of the room, his nervousness held for a moment in check. Then, putting his palms to his temple, he half shouts:

"Oh, my God. I'm going crazy."

There is a pause. Suddenly I think that he is deciding to tell me what he is doing and release this moat of subterfuge that stretches between us. I think it is shallow but terrifying to him, and by now, if he tells me, I will still help him consummate his escape.

But it doesn't happen. He starts to move around the room again, with the inefficient alacrity of a very tired man. He walks to the kitchen and opens the door, then slams it hard. "Oh, my God," he says again, "what a mess. Don't look in there." It is the closest he comes to telling me that something is hidden.

"Sometimes, I'll just go into a restaurant and tell them I need food and I got no money, and they'll work something out"

When Margie returns with the cigarettes, her husband, his jaw now twitching slightly on the left, has slammed the door locked and has the kids in the car. As rushed as he is he treats them gently, and they do not flinch as he raises his hand in mock attack. "Let's go."

There is a sense of supreme relief, of escape from something whose terror only I am oblivious to, as we pull out past the amputated cottonwoods into the traffic of Van Buren. I glance as we pass the the office and see a dark, unshaven face watching us from the door. "God," Margie says, also looking, "I hate him."

The bus station is uncrowded and still, a fluorescent-lit anticlimax to the haste and worry of the departure from Shady Rest. The two boys prowl around the chairs with their only toys, two plastic machine guns which rattle menacingly and bring mild curses from Margie's lips. As we wait an Indian approaches me, stooped and unsteady. At the moment his dark eyes peer into mine and I see his entire face, streaming with sweat in the cool room, his hand open, his mouth trying to speak, a man in a grey suit appears and sweeps him away like a paper cup.

"That's too bad," Margie says unexpectedly. "They shouldn't do that to him. A bus station's a good place for panhandling."

We sit and talk without significance for an hour, until the departure is called, and the four of them go to stand in line. They have not been alone together yet and are on the verge of separation, so I slip out the door and leave them while the buses throb beyond. As I return after ten minutes Margie is holding Torrez's arm, and I hear something again: "Maybe this guy will do it with the stamps." Torrez shakes his head violently. "No, no," he says to her and then smiles at me with the old smile, the beguiling one that says, please, I am charming, take me as I seem.

The door opens, and a uniformed man leads Margie and the kids and Torrez into the vaulted hall of buses. Here there is pounding noise; whatever Torrez and Margie say to each other at this parting is cloaked by the cacophony. They kiss, long, then separate, and the girl and the children disappear into the bus. The baggage door slams, the passenger door hisses shut and the bus roars in reverse, gleaming backwards, a small yellow light blinking on its side. It is like one of those huge, pumped up, glowing fish of a hundred fathoms, swelling in plankton. The bus groans, ahhhh, and fins slowly away, and Torrez is standing still, his cigarette jutting straight out, his limp white tail hanging behind, his hand up beside his head, waving from the first knuckle at the distinctive round heads of his two sons, silhouetted in dark green far back in the bus. And dark green arms wave back.

I take Torrez and his suitcase and blanket, tied with twine, out Interstate 17 toward the north end of town. He has heard that Wyoming is booming on coal, and he says he's going to try it. I ask no questions on this drive; I am wondering if I have just seen the end of a family, but he talks and talks.

"I went out there to Paradise Turf Park and said I knew how to exercise horses. I'm scared to death of horses. The guy said fine, and I took a horse around the track. He saw that I didn't know what I was doing, so he fired me. But he gave me $12.

"I could be a security cop if I had a telephone. I went to all the motels looking for a job as a security cop, but I hadn't been in the state long enough. I once worked as a security cop at an airport. A guy there taught me how to fly a helicopter. I wonder how you get a license to fly."

I had no answer. I am thinking sadly, he's really stretching it now, desperate to remain important to me, the way he was when he was a tour guide, now regretting his inability to tell me the truth. He is still talking, and now he approaches it, the thing he and Margie were saying when I came back to them. He has $50 of their food stamps in his pocket, and they are worth a bus ticket to California. Now he's going to sell them to me. He can't resist the chance.

"You know, a lot of people sell their food stamps. It's a pretty good deal, say $25 for $50 worth of stamps. You can't beat that."

I am silent, wishing he hadn't said it. He is, in spite of it all, an engaging man, and I would like to help him, but I won't give him money. Now he is quick, he sees I am not moved, and with barely visible disappointment he passes over the stamps as if they had been only conversation. Now he is further chagrined, afraid that he has broken our relationship of esteem, and he becomes desperate that I believe him. My silence dismays him and he fills it up with his words, about his father, about Margie when they met at a trailer park in California, about work—I used to be a mechanic. . . .

"I used to drink a lot. I was a real alcoholic. Now I hardly drink at all. Couple of beers in a bar, maybe, but that's all. I can stop. Even if somebody's treating, I tell them no. It's so easy to let it get away from you. But I can stop.

"Sometimes, like on this trip now, I'll just go into a restaurant and tell them I need food and I got no money, and they'll work something out. I tell them straight to their faces and they'll usually find some work for me to do to pay for a meal. You just have to ask. I find that if you're honest, people will help you."

I let him off on the edge of town, just before the interstate flows out into the brown desert. He takes his briefcase and his blanket and steps to the curb. He puts the stuff down and he holds out his hand, looking straight at me as usual and smiling. And as he smiles he blushes. I am surprised. Is this a sudden awareness that he is leaving me unconvinced, or is it regret at the lies that stand so clearly in the way of any kind of friendship? While shaking his hand I suddenly see the reddened face age and become weathered over as the smile remains, showing the spaced, yellow teeth. I watch him, afraid of this gap in time that I see, and I think: I will see you here again in ten years. I say goodbye, good luck, and drive away, but as he moves to the northbound on-ramp and I to the south, I wonder if he is hungry. He has eaten nothing all day.

The next day, in the afternoon, I drive back to the Shady Rest Motel; my mind says something is unfinished. And I find what I expected. The lean, dark man in the office pounces on me as I arrive, and points to where a man is hauling garbage out of the apartment in a wheelbarrow.

"Are you his friend? He forged a check. $41.40. San Jacinto Bank of Texas. Signed by Mary Johnson, made out to him. We called the bank; check's no good. We gave him $34.40 change. Are you his friend? Where did you take him?"

I tell him, I just met him yesterday; I took him to the bus station, I don't know where he went.

I walk slowly to the apartment. All the trash that was in the kitchen is now piled in the middle of the room, a nondescript, smelly heap of egg cartons, paper towels, margarine foil, old onions, empty cans and paper. The organic smell is stronger, almost thick. A lithe, tough woman with "White Power" emblazoned on her jacket is sweeping the room, while the manager's young wife, bewildered at this filth, wanders about helplessly.

"You put people like that in a $40,000 mansion and they'd still live like this," complains the woman. "These are the people on welfare"

"This wasn't one of the cheaper rooms," the woman complains. "And look, they've ruined it. You put people like that in a $40,000 mansion and they'd still live like this. These are the people on welfare." I point to the frayed holes in the mattress, the stains, the chair marked with cigarettes, its stuffing torn out. Did they do this? No. Ah, I think, one of our better rooms. I think about Margie, the child untaught, piling the trash in the corner until it threatened to engulf her. She would cry then, no doubt, and not know what to do but leave and shut the door.

The manager's young wife, still dazed, moves to sit on the bed. "No, no, honey," the white power woman says, "I'm scared of places like this. You sit on that, honey, and you might get something on your bottom."

Later we all stand around outside the apartment, committing a delicious post mortem. It is a tiny tableau of bitterness, and the stars are the Torrez family. But the final triumph belongs to the manager: In the trash heap he has found a driver's license application and a small pile of Medi-Cal identification cards. The first names of Margie and of the children are the same, but the last name is Devore, and the first, George. George Devore. "Ah," the manager says, with almost as much pleasure as if he had found his $34.40 in the room. "I *heard* her call him George." She was never much good at the game.

The little cluster of people is morbidly cheerful with the kind of grim satisfaction of knowing that they are better than what they see. Two or three other residents drift to our group, one a balding man who immediately claims himself an expert skip tracer and hustles to the pay phone with glee. For the rest of them the conversation lasts until a small, black dog named Minnie appears, shivering with some illness, and has to be held and comforted and discussed at length. The matter passes.

But here at the Shady Rest Motel, under the shorn cottonwoods, I am watching the edifice built by Frederick Torrez crumble. This man of Brooklyn and California, this security cop who exercised horses, this stucco worker with the stain of his labor smeared on his clothes, remains live and vivid in my mind, but there is a blurring of purpose. I understand the check, but, scared and shaking, he was never a con man, and I do not know what pressing need for anonymity, leading him into food stamp fraud, made him change his name.

I stand on the parched lawn like a detective taking notes, and there is an abundance of witnesses eager to talk about the man who got away. The evidence being carted from the room is pungent, but instead of testifying towards the detective's delight, a conspiracy to grow fat on the government, it points to defeat. As I stand waiting for nothing, I seem to see a fleshed body go tight at the cheekbones and shoulders and then part into sawdust and bones and a smile.

These other people fret and giggle and stand around the wretched room examining the debris, then turn their attention to Minnie the Dog. Sad to leave and sad to stay, I give the manager my address and drive away.

Who was Frederick Torrez? The night before, I had turned around and gone back to the on-ramp to give him an apple and a banana in a small, brown paper bag, but he was gone. ●

AMERICA'S NEW POOR

Harvesters

> ". . . The trees have brought forth their fruit; the grain has ripened in the fields; the women have bloomed in their loveliness. But the season is advancing and one must make haste; but the season is advancing and still one cannot leave; but the season is advancing . . . and other men will glean the harvest."
> —*Antoine de St. Exupery*

Don Stewart
Phil Perry
James Loyd Darneal

Where there are damp places on the earth, and where the near sea spills its moisture into the air, fog comes often, and it is both a friend and a menace.

In Northern California, in the coastal towns of Eureka and Arcata, it sets the automatic foghorns bleating, and, as he lies awake at dawn, Don Stewart knows from the sound that today the sandbar that forms the entrance and exit to the Humboldt Bay may require careful navigation. He wonders what the weather is outside, and he wonders where the fish are, and where, also, are the Russian trawlers.

Up beyond Arcata, in McKinleyville, California, Phil Perry is also awake, drinking coffee, his eyes bright, knowing the road will be shiny and the redwood trees that line it will seem strangely larger, their columns of dark bark reaching without end into the sky.

On the other side of the nation, outside Winter Garden, Florida, in a small campground called Tucker's Ranch, the fog that rises up out of John's Lake does not cloak the small twangings of frogs, and in the midst, the oak and orange trees on the far side of the lake recede in perspective and seem to be hills on the horizon, sliced with canyons, their details obscured. James Loyd Darneal, called Loyd at home, is also awake at this early time, and he feels the mist as he climbs from his tent; and as he boils his coffee over the fire he looks out across the lake and he knows the trees will be wet today.

These men are professional harvesters: They reap the sea and the land for the benefit of other men. Darneal

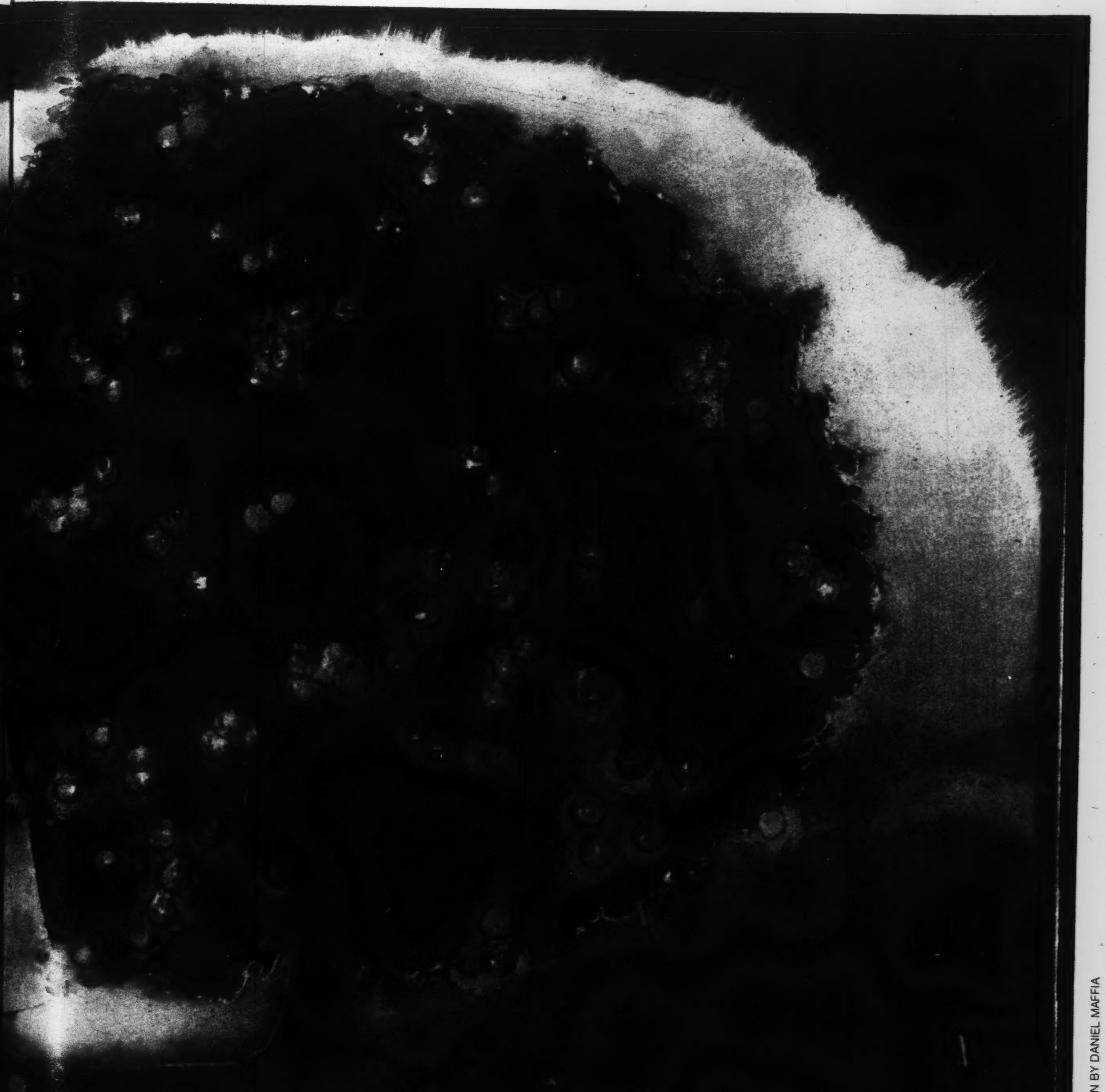


ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL MAFFIA

"I'd say within five years, if that long, the fishing will be gone," says Don Stewart. "And fishing is all I know..."

picks oranges in the vast Florida groves; Perry drives a truck laden with redwood logs or cut lumber; and Stewart is a fisherman. They are all accustomed to moisture, to the softness that it gives to your skin, to the obscurity caused by the fog and to unsettled times. With a little luck, they will all survive the summer, because their life follows the seasons, but each one of them is afraid of the fall.

Don Stewart, 50 years old, lives in King Salmon, a group of houses clamped like barnacles along several parallel mooring channels cut in from Humboldt Bay just south of Eureka. There are barn-brown fences here, piles of junk plywood and homes with cheesecloth tacked over the windows for curtains. Yards are crowded with unfinished boats, and there is one huge skeleton lying like a museum mastodon, abandoned for years, a grey and grainy keel warped upward.

When I come to visit Don Stewart, he is waiting for the opening of the season, waiting for summer and for the burst of vessels over the bar, the pent-up crash outward; 5,000 boats on the California coast rushing out like boys on the last day of school, pressed with a fever like adolescence, intensified by necessity and by the fearful maturity of the sea.

Today Stewart is fussing in his cabin, installing a new voltmeter in the panel of his 30-footer, the *Poco*, which he rebuilt almost from scratch several years ago. The air in the boxy cabin smells of varnish and glue. I introduce myself, he smiles with the slight embarrassment of a shy man and we talk about fishing. He has been lucky this year: He had a job the previous winter, and so has collected unemployment. When he starts fishing this year he'll have $500 in the bank. But the future is as darkly troublesome as the fog.

"Next fall," he says. "That's where the hard times are. If you budget it, maybe you can make it. I think it is going to be tough."

Like a heavy swell over the bar,

the odds flow against the fisherman today. The recession has caused a drop in seafood purchasing, and with higher than normal inventories, the canneries and wholesalers are paying old prices to fishermen, who are spending new money for fuel and equipment.

Secondly, the years have spawned fishermen with the fecundity of hatchery trout. In 1965 there were 4,329 commercial boats licensed in California; today there are over 1,000 more.

"Cripes," Stewart says, using a favorite expletive. "So many boats makes it rough. I've seen it get worse every year. It used to be that when a school came in you could work it for two weeks; now you get 200 to 300 boats on it right away and they wipe it out or chase it off. You used to be able to get 100 fish a day once in a while. No longer."

Then there are the infamous Russian trawlers. Enormous vessels, towering above boats like the *Poco*, they prowl around offshore in packs, like Siberian wolves. They drag the bottom for hake, a cod-like fish little used in the United States, and although occasional visits by federal inspectors have not been incriminating so far, most of the fishermen intuitively suspect them of taking salmon, much as the CIA instinctively figures they're beeping vital data home. Even if they are leaving the salmon alone, the fishermen feel, what are they doing to the bottom and to the sea?

If the season is poor, says Stewart, "I'll pull the kid out of school and we'll move out of the trailer and live in the boat..."

"Last year I came through a fleet of them," Stewart says. "Heck, they're full-sized ships. There were 32 of them side by side; they must have covered 12 or 13 miles. We've fished out the herring and the anchovies, and now they're getting the bottom fish." He is tying and untying a knot in a rope-end; a copper bracelet, warding off arthritis, rides his right wrist. "The salmon are getting skinnier every year."

Who knows the complexity of the sea? To Jacques Cousteau, its faintly understood network of life, as tangled and interwoven as a kelp bed, is dying under the crude assaults of the human race: oil and sludge and harvests that are too efficient. To Don Stewart, aware only generally of the mingling relationship of all things, the salmon are becoming lean, and uncertainty is growing.

"I'd say within five years, if that long, the fishing will be gone," he says. "And fishing is all I know. If five years from now there's no more fishing, what the hell do I do?"

Stewart is a gentle man, although a stub of a finger and a scar across his nose indicate that his life has not been tender. (Once, diving off the Galapagos Islands, he saw a great white shark, a hundred feet long in the sea's green prism. The memory still enriches him.) He lives with his wife and child in a rented trailer on the edge of a channel, 20 yards from his boat and a half mile from Pacific Gas and Electric's Humboldt Bay nuclear power plant, a cluster of striped stacks that sometimes rattles and whines as if it is trying to start but cannot.

Stewart has two options in mind for this season of uncertainty. If it is a good one, which is not probable, he and Gladys and Brenda, 9, will take a long vacation to Mexico, where the sun is. If the season is poor and the approaching winter ominous, "I'll pull the kid out of school and we'll move out of the trailer and live in the boat. I caught the tail end of the Depression as a kid, and I don't want to live like that again."

Living on the boat is an image that pleases Stewart, as unlikely as it is. ("Women like grocery stores," he concedes.) He enjoys the fringes of civilization best. During the days, the small family would sit on deck endlessly watching the springs on the outriggers, waiting for them to dance their jig of capture, of fight at 30 fathoms, as a silver or king salmon smashed against the weight

Richard Pickering/ Maudestine Wilborn

Richard D. Pickering has just dealt with a bomb scare when I enter his office. Pickering, a slender, goateed man who darts around in a wheelchair as if it were a go-cart, is deputy administrator of the Fulton County office of Family and Children Services. Fulton County contains much of the city of Atlanta. The bomb scare was a young man with a briefcase on his knees who talked about needing his check today or the briefcase and he and the roomful of people would disintegrate. The police talked the briefcase away and it was empty.

Now, with the matter behind him, Pickering is ready to talk about food stamps. He speaks rapidly.

"We had no food stamps until July 1974. We have had no normal time since; the flood of people is unbelievable. We're seeing 1,000 people a day. The waiting rooms are a mess. Sometimes you can't even get off the elevator on the waiting room floor.

"We took the attitude that food stamps at this time are the best service that we can offer the county. So we put everything we could into it.

"At the start we had as long as an eight-week waiting period for stamps. It would have been quite explosive if we had not done something. Now we think we are in pretty good shape.

"We're meeting a new clientele now, people who haven't been here before. Many of them wait until the last damn minute, until they have absolutely nothing, before they come in here." Pickering leaned on the desk. "In an emergency I can get someone food stamps within one hour."

I am downstairs now, in the room below Pickering's office. Here there is a maze of booths, a card-house of partitions which attempts to give the illusion, if not the peace, of privacy. In sections of the room this game is altogether abandoned, and desks stand in rows, each with two facing chairs, and the people being interviewed tend to lean across the desks and whisper. I am led to a small, separate room, where several tables, some brown, some white, are arranged in an integrated pattern.

A tall, young white woman, a social worker, introduces me to Maudestine Wilborn. Ms. Wilborn is black, and she is dressed and hatted in simple and elegant maroon. She is a domestic, one of those thousands of black women who ride the buses of Atlanta every day to clean up after white people.

Ms. Wilborn is in her mid 40s, and she is nervous and yet remarkably composed. She has learned, over the years, to contain herself, so without releasing her rein of composure in this unhappy time she talks: The tornado blew apart the building in which she worked, and times are such that she has been unable to find another job; her daughter suffered a nervous breakdown, and the doctor prescribed a quieter home, so now she pays $125 a month instead of $80.

"This morning, when I woke up, I felt the whole world had come to an end. Nothing was turning for me. My outlook on life was pretty dim. I was going to have to decide, am I going to pay rent or am I going to buy food?

"I came here, and I think things are going to be taken care of. I applied for food stamps just now, and I don't know if it is going through or not. I hope it will.

"I've worked constantly. I've never been out of a job; I worked steady for 16 years. Now this affects your outlook, of course it does. It does something to your pride, of course it does."

In the pause the young social worker returns, a sheaf of papers in her hand. "Sorry to interrupt you," she says, then bends close to Ms. Wilborn. "Now, you need to fill out this form, and sign it here. And you need to sign this one right here." She makes small Xs on the appropriate lines. "Then, you take these and go to this address: You can buy your food stamps there. This is your authorization. You can get them this afternoon. Here's my number if anything goes wrong. You're all set. OK?"

Ms. Wilborn nods, as if bewildered, then says suddenly, "Thank you." The social worker leaves, smiling.

There is silence in the small room. Ms. Wilborn's grip has slackened, and her composure is slipping partially from her face. Now she releases the surface control, her strength retreating inward to hold her erect. She is crying, with her right hand over her eyes, but her tears come without a sob. The dignity of her weeping is immense, regal. Then, her voice unbroken, she speaks again.

"I thought it might take weeks. But . . . this will be enough to carry us all of this month—*all* of this month." She uses a handkerchief, then apologizes. "You see, when you find someone like this who is understanding, when something like this happens, it affects you emotionally."

She takes her hand away from her face. The tears are gone. Her eyes are neither red nor puffy; the composure is back.

"This summer is going to be brighter," she says. "Now I can face life with a little uplift. I feel much better. I feel hopeful now."

"I made $13 today," he says, sitting in his chair. "I get so damn disgusted I just want to cry"

of the wire and the 45-pound lead. Without boredom they would watch the springs and remember the day Stewart had to stop fishing at 2:30 in the afternoon because the stacked salmon were falling off the deck. Five hundred and sixty fish that day. It will never happen again.

At night they would sleep in the tiny bunks, far forward against the planking, listening to the other boats pass. They would not run at night because of the invisible threat of the logs, drifting low in the water and knobbled like mines, holding in their inertia the strength to crush planks of Port Orford cedar and let in the dying sea.

Going north, Highway 101 passes King Salmon and the power plant in landscaped sweeps, then drops out of its restricted entry snobbery to enter Eureka, where, snagged with stoplights, it twists among seafood stores and gas stations and places selling redwood boles, great cross-cut slabs of gnarled wood that lean up against chain-link fences like huge dead leaves. Beyond Eureka the road skirts the bay and climbs to the college town of Arcata, where Humboldt State University hangs on a slope, with redwoods behind it. Off the highway and up near the base of the school is Tracy's Cafe, a pleasantly small-town establishment that serves a diverse assortment of customers: long-haired students, environmentalist professors, loggers and truck drivers.

In Tracy's I meet Phil Perry, a truck driver. We sit at a booth under a sign that redly refuses us credit, and as we drink cup after cup of coffee I listen to a bitter man.

This spring the lumber industry has been devastated by the stagnation of housing starts. All along the wooded West Coast, from San Francisco to Seattle, mills have been running short shifts, and some have closed down. Here in Humboldt County, as I talk with Perry, unemployment currently rides at 16 percent, although it will certainly decline by summer; like the construction trade, logging is strongly seasonal and only a complete economic collapse could prevent a limited recovery. But in California the recession-caused slowdown has been aggravated by a superior court decision made on January 16 which, based on state law, required that environmental impact reports (EIRs) be made on all timber-cutting projects.

An EIR is, of course, something of a project in itself. A ponderous mass of tables, graphs and often obscure writing, it describes just what is likely to happen to the land, the game, the endangered species and the downstream water if you whack down the trees and drag them away. The process of creating EIRs is time-consuming, as is the system of review, but it seems to be the only lever ecology agencies have for preventing the scarring of mountains or the silting of streams.

The EIR matter has obviously had some stifling effect on this spring's logging in Northern California, and a bit of emergency juggling by Governor Jerry Brown which created a "functional equivalent" to the EIRs has apparently not significantly greased the chutes. But the most important effect it has had is that it gave the unemployed loggers an issue on which to spend their frustration. EIRs have become the Russian trawlers of the logging fleet: Exactly how much harm they do is obscure, but their visibility is immense, and they have driven the loggers and related workers into organization. They call themselves, with pointed comparison to the ecology freaks at H.S.U., the Straight Arrow Coalition. Perry is a member.

Perry's troubles started long before the EIR blowup. He lost his truck in October. It was a 1961 cab-over Freightliner, an old-timer, and Perry waxed it every chance he got. It was the culmination of his ambition. He had bought it in July with $2,000 down and was making payments based on a load percentage, hauling cut lumber to Los Angeles or San Francisco or Tucson. But in the fall, everything began to collapse. "It went down all of a sudden," he says, "from three loads a week to the Bay Area to one and then to nothing." The last trip was an empty run to Sacramento to pick up a load of hay, the trucker's nightmare, and the trip grossed him $90 for a net loss. The truck sat in Perry's yard for two months, and twice a day he'd call Costa Trucking or Simmons Trucking or Customers' Truck Service, hauling contractors. No loads. Finally he talked it over with his wife, Martha, and they let the truck go back. He is still making payments on parts.

After he lost the truck, Perry couldn't find work, and as a previously self-employed man he could not draw unemployment compensation. He and Martha, whom he met and proposed to in a truck stop, would sit up nights, talking on their Citizen's Band radio to drivers on 101 or Interstate 5 or just staring at each other, and finally they applied for food stamps. Martha, who brought the two children to the family from a previous marriage, began receiving $112 a month in Aid for Dependent Children.

As he tells me all this, Perry, who was initially suspicious, relaxes. At 26, he is friendly by nature, and he tends to run his hand across his short-cropped hair and grin while he talks.

"I don't blame all of this on the EIR stuff," he says, offering the first concession to the facts of the economy. "It's just that by now we would be working."

Perry, who has now fully dispensed with his suspicion, invites me to dinner at his home.

When the man is in debt, the wife has to answer the phone, and whether he is home or away depends on the sound of the caller's voice. When I arrive for dinner at the Perrys' home, Martha, who at 29 is thin and still pale from a recent operation, does not look hardened by diverting creditors. She is, by necessity, experimenting with hamburger, and she has made a meat-stuffed French loaf, good eating but a long way from the slabs of steak they eat when Perry's working. I am not sure, but I think there is a tang of venison in the meat.

Perry grins about it without admitting anything. "You have to be awfully sneaky to get a deer around here out of season," he says obliquely. You have to be sneaky to get away with anything: He and his brother-in-law got nailed for catching two undersized crabs in the bay this spring. They were each fined $65, and since both of them are out of work, they pay it off at $5 a month. Expensive crabs, especially since one of them was rotten.

"They're driving the general public into being liars and outlaws," Perry says, encompassing all the growing weight of the law. "When people get hungry they're going to start stealing and shooting deer."

Perry, like most men whose living depends on the land, does not strain to understand the philosophy of an environmental movement which is attempting to change not only lifestyles but all the ethics of living. He sees the thing baldly as a simple conflict between utilitarianism and preservationism, outdoor working men fighting the city folk who want a place to play. "They want us out of here," he says, "so they can have their summer homes." This view is logically reinforced by the tendency of the public to fight most vociferously over the disposition of parklands rather than over matters of more lasting importance, such as freon and the dying sea. It is a polarizing conflict that has risen in little local blisters all over the nation as the environment movement has grown, and it promises to become a general sore.

We sit in the front room and listen to sentimental truckin' music—"I'm a gear jammer, buddy, I live on short-order dinners." There is a print hung on a wall, a painting of a ghostly figure of Christ guiding a truck through a snowstorm. Perry talks, with gleaming eyes, of owning another truck and of making the long hauls to Oklahoma and to New York. After the children are grown, he and Martha would go together, driving 24 hours a day. Martha says yes, and someday we'll own our own home. "Yeah, babe," Perry says, but then is silent, as if one dream is enough and he knows that a truck is all that he'll ever win.

Two trees were felled in Redwood National Park. Although the Straight Arrow Coalition condemned the violence, there was little doubt that it was done by disgruntled loggers

In the morning I go to Arcata again and climb the stairs to the office of Environmental Research Consultants, Inc., on H Street, where I talk with Raymond Anderson, the 27-year-old president of the burgeoning company. Anderson does EIRs and assorted similar jobs, and in three years has built a corporation with 15 staff members, 20 consultants and offices in Eureka, Watsonville and Monterey. He is slightly plump and looks older than he is, but he smiles frequently.

"This is a beautiful time for timber companies who want to get rid of environmental regulations," he says. "We're going more and more into marine work, because we think terrestrial EIRs will be a thing of the past in two to three years. There is a lot of pressure against them now, and the economic situation gives the companies a powerful tool to get rid of them."

Anderson leans on a cluttered desk in his tiny, partitioned office, his hands folded in front of him, speaking analytically. And as he talks he spikes the whole matter cleanly, like a businessman impaling a receipt on a spindle.

"I don't see that we are really doing anything," he says mildly. "The whole idea of the EIRs is to help people make wise decisions. These things should be read by everyone involved, but the people just initial the covers and pass them on, and they get put in the file. They're not helping anyone make a decision. People do what they want to do."

There has been a brief hiatus in the conflict in Eureka, a time, Perry said, for both sides to "back off and regroup." When I made a second visit to the Perrys' recently he was back at work, hauling three loads of logs from the woods to Eureka every day, and there was sirloin steak on the table. The industry, with some of its EIRs and functional equivalents initialed by the right people, was moving again, as predicted, but how much momentum it will build up is another matter.

"This is going to be the last good year," Perry said. "I think it will be worse this fall than last. I guess we got to make as much as we can this year and then run." Everyone has the same idea: Early summer has been a frantic attempt to catch up, and three men have already died in logging accidents in the rush.

Some time before I returned to Northern California, someone felled two trees adjacent to the Lady Bird Johnson Grove in Redwood National Park near Orick, north of Arcata. One was a 175-foot redwood and the other was a 220-foot Douglas fir. They narrowly missed a footbridge built for the convenience of tourists. Although the Straight Arrow Coalition condemned the vandalism, there was little doubt that it was done by disgruntled loggers.

"I think I know who did it," Phil Perry said, grinning. "I just got a little idea. But I'll tell you one thing: If I'd have cut those trees, they would have hit the bridge."

In Tucker's Ranch campground in the early morning, the mist that rises from John's Lake is placid, as is the water, and there is no sandbar to challenge or slick road to drive—James Loyd Darneal doesn't have a car. The egrets of the marsh and meadow stalk moodily around in the pale light; their stealth as they prowl the lake never quite makes up for their misfortune at being colored stark white and so being terrifyingly visible to small fish. The grey campground squirrels dart and giggle close to Darneal where he sits rolling Prince Albert cigarettes and drinking

When he picks, Darneal does not think of oranges. His mind drifts, and at this point in his life it drifts back. There are scenes of war, more vivid, probably, than any...

boiled coffee, and occasionally he coaxes one to his hand for a piece of bread. He has had few visitors to show how he has tamed these little wild creatures, but he is proud of it nevertheless, and he and the squirrels celebrate it with a timid joy.

Darneal doesn't have to get up at 5:30—the crew bus comes at 8:00—he does it because he likes the morning. It has to do, I imagine, with the management of his time alone. His loneliness is not erased by these mornings, but the quiet maintains it kindly and it is softened by the attention of squirrels. Rising early also eliminates the burden of night: He is always asleep by dark.

A year ago, when he stayed here for the orange season, Darneal had a pickup truck, a trailer, a wife and a dachshund named Snoopy; now he has an $84 red, white and blue tent. In the winter his wife divorced him, took the trailer and the dog, and his cousin wrecked the truck. Last year, he made money on the fruit—$100, $150 a week. Now he makes $62, $47, $35.

There is a surplus of labor in Florida this year. All the people who said last year, "If I get laid off, if it gets all that bad, I can always pick fruit," are now picking fruit. So three things have happened:

Where you got 55 to 60 cents a box last year, the picking contractors are giving 40 to 45 cents.

Because there are so many people on so many crews, the packing houses are overflowing with citrus and are limiting crews, generally, to two truckloads a day. So you work like a sweat machine all morning, gnats in your eyes, and then they make you quit at 2:00 in the afternoon.

Finally, with the abundance of pickers, all those trees are going to be naked in no time, and before you've got enough money in your pocket to leave, the harvest will be over. And the people hurt most are the year to year professionals like Darneal.

Florida's migrant camps are squalid, more so than most on the West Coast, where United Farm Workers influence is stronger. Along the roads to Disney World, where you see more plates from Ohio and Michigan than Florida, the broken whitewashed houses hide in the underbrush, housing a racial mixture of blacks, Chicanos and whites, a mixture that is not welcome here. ("When we first moved here," a retiree told me, "there were no colored people here. If they came, they left by sundown.") The camps are disordered, noisy with children and sometimes dangerous; Darneal avoids them ("too many winos") and pays $40.50 a month rent for his spot on the duff under the live oaks and long-leaf pines. This spring he lived in a pup tent for two months before he could afford the 9′ by 12′ he owns now, and his feet stuck out into the rain.

Darneal calls Oklahoma his home state, although he visits his sister there for only a few weeks out of the year. More like Don Stewart than Phil Perry, his initial reaction to a stranger is one of friendship. When I come to visit him on a moist morning there is a cup of coffee waiting for me among the cans of Vienna sausage and hominy on the picnic table he uses as a larder. He stands up when I arrive, although his back, hurt years ago while picking potatoes, can still spear him on occasion and leave him rigid as a pinned butterfly. He is six feet tall and he weighs 144 pounds—lean, taut with sinew, but without menace. He is part Chocktaw, and he is proud of the slice; his face is a dark reddish tan, partly his heritage and partly his job.

He is picking Valencias now, sweet, juicy oranges that, to him, are characterized by having relatively thorn-free trees. His picking bag and his blackened picking shirt hang from a pine. He talks politely, pleased to have a visitor, revealing gaps in his teeth: There are only 14 left.

"I like picking," he says. "Although you get tired of people calling you a tramp. I think I do a nice job on a tree; I'm never cussed out. But I'm not so crazy about it this year. This year, by the time a guy pays rent and buys his groceries, he's broke until next time."

There is a book, face down, on the table with the food: *The Wolf and the Dove,* a novel of knighthood and chivalry, and there is a stack of old *Reader's Digests* near it. He reads whenever he can, but his eyes tire, and I begin to notice the translucent blot over the corner of his right eye. A cataract. "I guess a Veterans Administration hospital could operate on it," he says. "I guess it's just a matter of getting there, doing it."

We talk about the season and his hopes that the cherry and apple picking in the Pacific Northwest will be better than this, and then he has to go to the bus. He puts on his blackened thrift-store shirt, hangs the bag over his shoulder and walks up the dirt road toward the highway just as a misted sun, pale as a new Valencia, climbs over the trees.

When he picks, Darneal does not think of oranges: They appear in his flicking hands, the hands move to the bag and more oranges appear. His mind drifts, and at this point in his life it drifts back. There is his father, grandson of a U.S. marshal and a squaw, a massive alcoholic who made moonshine. There is a scene, still sharp, in which the dark man slaps Loyd's grandmother out of her chair and Loyd, then 16, hits his father once, then runs. The scene replays itself. The boy is under a shed, eyes to the low slit of light, watching the massive feet tread by. With the sweat of fear on his back and the knowledge of the knife in the big man's hand, the boy hates his father. The image shifts. Years later, aboard the battleship *Mississippi* in Okinawa, a letter comes saying the old man is dying, and Loyd wants desperately to go home.

"They're driving the general public into being liars and outlaws," Perry says, encompassing all the growing weight of the law

There are scenes of war, more vivid, probably, than any. The *Mississippi* lost 367 men while Darneal was aboard. He is going down the hatch when the shell hits his turret and every other man in his gun crew dies instantly. In the harbor at Okinawa bloated, dead Japanese float past on the tide, and the Marines shoot them again and again to make them sink. On September 2, 1945, in Tokyo Bay, the formal surrender is signed on the battleship *Missouri,* and on the *Mississippi* Darneal watches the toy soldiers play at peace, through his gunsight.

The day is built of these images. He picks, he remembers. At noon he sits in the shade and eats peanut butter and crackers, and perhaps an orange, and returns to work. But the two loads are done by early afternoon, and the bus returns, and he kicks the dust back to camp.

"I made $13 today," he says, sitting in his chair. "I get so damn disgusted I just want to cry."

There are no tears. Darneal stiffens slightly, as if his back is hurting him. Then he relaxes into the chair and takes the can of Prince Albert from the table.

Darneal and Stewart and Perry all face an uncertain future. For Stewart and Perry it is a tangible dread: We can live through the summer, but it will not be a rich year, and when the snow clogs the woods and the trees hibernate and the fishing season ends in gales that lash the sandbar, then our depression will begin, and this troubled spring will seem just an introduction. It is not a promise—who knows what is coming?—but it is a threat that hangs, like the moisture held in clear air, thick on the mind.

The fisherman and the trucker rail at the things which seem to cool the air and to bring the temperature and the dew point closer to the moment of fog. The Russian trawlers! The EIRs! Like the new poor standing in line for food stamps, they don't understand this injustice, this intolerable tangle in which they are caught. They are pugnacious; they make their detailed plans, and they fight for their livelihood. The new poor are a hostile clientele, say the food stamp workers. They roar. The old poor wait and suffer just as much, but the groove is worn and they bear it in silence, like kenneled dogs who sleep on the soiled concrete all day.

After he lost the truck, Perry and his wife would sit up nights, talking to drivers on their Citizen's Band radio or just staring at each other

But Darneal is neither old poor nor new. A year ago he had the money he needed, and this year he does not, and though the change is a sorrow to him, he does not storm. He has no fear; he just accepts the uncertainty. He is accustomed to the most simple way of life, the way at which the poor are the most adept: Living each day alone, without anticipation.

Before theology, before justice created injustice, this way of life prevailed. Perry plans to try the long hauls when summer ends, and Stewart, caught between the primeval myth of the fisherman and trailer-house civilization, plans to move closer to the former. But Darneal—"That's a hard question, what am I going to do? I'm not worried. I'll make it. If something don't happen to me."

Still, there is a resilience here, a human springiness that abhors the sterility of equilibrium. Unlike Stewart and Perry, Darneal accepts the day that comes, lives it and accepts the next, but like them he will not settle in silence for defeat.

In the evening we dress up and go to downtown Winter Garden to play pool in Bernie's Liquors and Lounge. Shaved and elegant in patent-leather shoes and creased slacks, Darneal stands as straight as an admiral.

The bar is large, and there are three pool tables, but we play only one game before we are hustled. The intrusion comes from a small man with large, watery eyes, who looks like a sly frog and has a vague "Honey" tattooed on his left biceps. "My name's Larry. What's your name?"

We are reluctant to play him, but the little man is insistent, even though we refuse to bet. Darneal racks up the balls and breaks with a sharp jab of anger at the interruption. Larry gets slick right away and sinks a two-rail bank, blowing his cover, then misses the ball altogether on the second shot. Darneal, concentrating, sinks five straight while Larry is away talking to a burly man carrying a live raccoon and to a girl dressed in red. Returning, Larry begs for a bet, "an even dollar, just a *beer*?" Sorry, Larry, forget it. So Larry plays with Darneal now, pretending to be drunk and letting him stay close, but in the end Larry cannot resist victory, and, suddenly sharp, he snatches it away. "Play another?" Sorry, Larry, we're leaving. He pads after us, pleading. "I tried to lose right," he says. "Come on, I tried to lose, didn't I try? Listen, my name's Larry, what's your name?"

Darneal is moodily silent as we leave. On the way back to the campground we stop and he buys a six-pack of Budweiser. "Couple tonight, couple tomorrow," he says, a bit defensively. He senses my thought: A man alone can get to drinking. We are silent on the winding road between the orange groves, and then his frustration irritates him into speech.

"That guy probably hangs around there all the time." A pause. "Playin' pool." Another pause. "You know, I could have beaten that guy. If I'd a had a bit of time to get settled down, I know I could have beaten him." ●

AMERICA'S NEW POOR

Tranquility

"Kenneth Bollinger"

With proper tribute to his French-Canadian ancestry, and with obscure negative undertones, Ken Bollinger's friends used to call him "*Pas de.*" It was a strange nickname for an ebullient singer-guitarist who liked running and getting high and introducing himself as Virgil Dortminder—"My friends call me V.D." For a 24-year-old man who considered himself an "outgoing, outdoorsy, friendly doormat" with "people sense," it may have been a hint of an emotional turbulence that surfaced in rapid speech, laughter and intense sadness about the death of a child he did not know.

Ken Bollinger was born drunk on his mother's Seagram's, and when he was a child she overdosed him with aspirin to keep him quiet, and he didn't forget. Many years later he O.D.'d again on Orange Sunshine in a 707 between San Francisco and Chicago; he spent the flight trying to put his left eye back into his head, banging it on the seat and on the armrest. After that, headaches afflicted him, and he gave up dope because of the pain and the thought of mutated children.

In the early summer of 1974 it was all behind him—the drugs, the obstreperous rock groups, a divorce, the wandering. He lived in a two-story brick townhouse in Rockford, Illinois: full basement, two bedrooms, big living room, pool. $210 a month. He had a new wife, and a new baby coming, and his son, Jason, then 3.

"Jason's gone through what I did," Bollinger told his friends, his quick hands flashing in gesture. "His mother wasn't much either. I want to give him what I didn't get. And the greatest thing for both of us is this lady." Teri. An independent woman, a waitress; she proposed to him over a dishwasher in a pub.

It was shaping to be a very good year: Bollinger worked at the Madison Machine Works, building machines to make machines for $4.00 an hour. At the same time he owned his own business, Ken's Pizza Takeout. There are many factories in Rockford—tools, fasteners, furniture. Workers would buy pizza at

ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

The Welfare Trail

The United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the U.S. Department of Agriculture and state and county governments all over the United States present this Self-Guided Trail for public enjoyment. Numbered markers along the route refer to numbered paragraphs in this guide. If you wish to purchase a copy of this guide, place 15 cents in the receptacle at the exit. Please use the cigarette urns.

1. *Poverty* As you walk along this trail, perhaps one used by your father long ago, you will note that this particular location is well worn. This site has been extensively explored, and artifacts dating back to the early days of the white man have been unearthed, along with many human bones. This site was apparently first occupied shortly after the beginning of the 16th century A.D. If you wish to remain here, you may do so, but the catering truck does not stop.

2. *Private Aid Organizations* Note dioramas erected by the Salvation Army, the Traveler's Aid Society, the Red Cross and churches of every denomination. If you press the yellow button to your left, a recorded voice will offer you a bed for the night and give you a temperance lecture. The center button will light up the small scene directly in front of you depicting a family traveling cross-country in a 1952 GMC pickup. In audioanimatronics, a wheel will fall off and the family's goods will spill to the side of the road. You may actually hear the family's consternation and see their gestures of grief. (Parental guidance suggested.) A recorded voice will offer them a bus ticket to Bismarck, North Dakota. If you insert a quarter in the slot to your right and push the silver button, you will receive a plastic model of a free lunch.

PHOTO TURNOUT This location offers a superb view of the private organizations diorama with Poverty in the background. Be careful not to photograph any of the individuals on the trail; you could be liable for suit.

3. *Unemployment Line* In order to see this display, please fill out the forms on pages 9 through 42, stand in line here for 11 hours, then come back in two weeks. Please do not indulge in fisticuffs. The television people will be here shortly, so it is requested that you comb your hair.

4. *Scenic View of Skid Row* By using binoculars you may more clearly view the degradation and despair on the faces in the panorama below you. By pushing the button to the left you may experience a strong odor of liquor and other foul smells, piped directly from the supervisor's office. You may wish to explore the question "Is this where I want to end up?" If you would like to

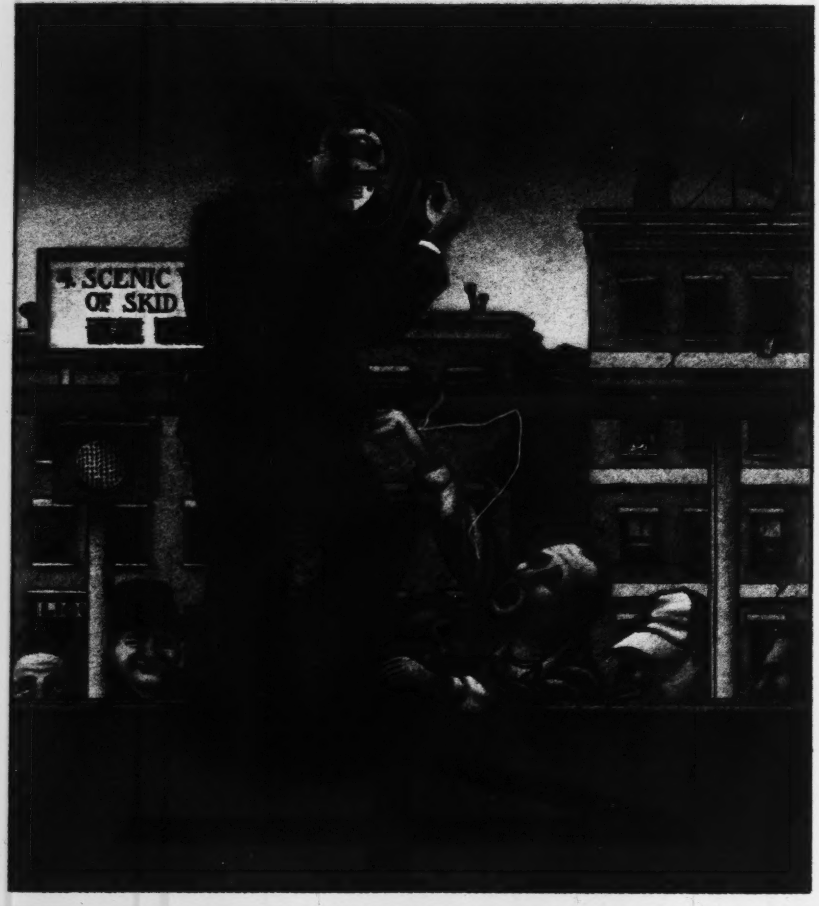


ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

Pull the curtains, damn it, turn out the lights. Who knows what he's going to do

take a short cut to the Skid Row display, there is a steep staircase to your left beside the Ripple advertisement.

5. *Disability* If you are lucky, you may be mentally or physically disabled. If this is the case, push the button on the right and you will receive some free money. If you are not already disabled, you may push the button on your left and a medical dictionary will drop on your foot. You may wish to push the right button now for the small sum your new limp will entitle you to, or you may wish to use the dictionary to develop more lucrative symptoms.

PHOTO TURNOUT With their permission, you may take spectacular photos here of people practicing mental disorders. Please remain behind the protective rail.

6. *Food Stamps* You may need to wait here for a month and a half. The small steel chairs to your right have been placed for your convenience. If you have enough money to get you through a month and a half, you will not qualify for food stamps. Please note the cigarettes on the floor and the small babies that have been born here. Research has found that food stamps may not provide you with an adequate diet; it is better if you trade them for beans and Wonder bread at a grocery store.

7. *Another view of Skid Row.* Just a reminder.

8. *Welfare Office* Women only. You may apply here for Aid for Dependent Children (AFDC). You may find it interesting to note that if you have a fit husband, working or not, you are probably not eligible. A tip: Divorce him and shack up with some wealthy gentleman; you'll still get your AFDC. Or hide him in the refrigerator and say he ran away. (If you wish to keep this tip, please deposit 15 cents in the receptacle.) You may wish to pursue the question: "Why do I get $49.79 a month for my family of 3.3 people and that woman over there gets $336.67 for hers of the same size, just because I'm from Mississippi and she's from New York?"

PHOTO TURNOUT This is an interesting location from which you may take colorful shots of naked hostility. Do not steam up your viewfinder.

9. *Eviction* The cliff in front of you is composed of hard limestone laid down during the Pliocene period, 8 to 15 million years ago. Note the sculpture of your landlord's nose in the upper portion. Please do not throw rocks. Push the button in front of you and a recorded voice will inform you that your apartment has been rented to a couple from Philadelphia. Note the small cave, approximately 8 feet by 14 feet, 42 inches high, in the lower portion of the cliff. Nine families are living here; you may join them. Please watch your head.

Visitors note: The trail branches here. To your left the path leads to the final exhibit and terminates. To your right a greased slide leads to Skid Row. If you wish to take the right-hand exit, please leave your wallet and car keys in the receptacle. You may sell a pint of blood at the base of the slide. The tour continues to your left.

10. *Farewell to Alms* The trickle of water you see below you is actually the Colorado River, 5,000 feet down. For your convenience, there is no rail. Please note the sharp, rocky promontories all the way down. They are composed of Kaibab limestone and Coconino sandstone, and they are quite firm. You may wish to explore the theory that the second bounce is painless. Thank you for your visit. Please deposit all personal belongings, particularly valuables and any notes you may wish to leave, in triplicate, in the receptacle. A reminder: If you wish to take this tour guide with you, please deposit 15 cents. Do not delay. Others are waiting.

PHOTO TURNOUT A helpful tip: A falling object accelerates at a rate of 32 feet per second per second. It is suggested that you set your camera to one five-hundredth of a per second second. That is, if you are not the first.

Ken's. The former wanderer flashed the quick, bright smile of the young capitalist and kept on working.

But then there came a sequence of troubles:

June 28, 1974: A 500-pound beam fell on Bollinger's lap. His thigh muscles were destroyed. He woke up in the hospital and told a nurse: "Just practicing my bionics; guess they need work." He was patched up, then laid off. Later, he was hired to sell Fords. "Why the limp, son? What's that? Chance of permanent damage? Traumatic arthritis? We don't want any part of that; you'll have to go." The limp remained.

October 1974: The rent was far past due; the pizza takeout business didn't pay the bills. He and his family left the townhouse and moved into the basement of Teri's parents' home. Her father, a self-made man and a success, watched the collapse of his son-in-law's business with a critical eye.

Bollinger got a job selling shirts and slacks and ties, for $2.30 an hour, 20 hours a week. Anxious to turn more of a profit, he expanded the inventory in the pizza place; then factories started laying people off, and Ken's Pizza couldn't take food stamps. He had to close down, a few days before Christmas.

At the same time, Jason began to have stomach pains, low in his body. Poor child, said the doctor, and prescribed a laxative. Jason's appendix ruptured and he nearly died. For two weeks he lay in intensive care, barely surviving and generating healthy bills.

February 1975: Bollinger went back up to Milwaukee, near his old home town, for eight job interviews. He got the same story at each one: Don't count on it; there must be 80 applications. By this time he was $30,000 in debt, had a new baby, Tanya, born in December, and was working at half a job.

In early spring Teri was working, and Ken was mostly sitting home, lying on the couch, his body thickening, his hands pale and soft, remembering the townhouse and spring in his legs. Teri's father, a rich man, the upstairs presence: He didn't even need to say it. Why don't you get a decent job, you're a hell of a father, just looking for a handout, a welfare warrior, is that what you want to be? Nothing alive now but the TV. The guitar's out of tune. Who's Virgil Dortminder? What a shitty joke.

Then, one night, Teri came home from work with another man, and removed his last support. Ken, I've had enough; it's time for you to go. He packed his shirts, his suits, his underwear and his hair dryer in a duffel bag and left all his pants in a drawer. He took Teri's $50 from her purse, her car, and left. Her father ran downstairs to the rack where he keeps his weapons. "Ken's taken a rifle. My God!" 1:30 a.m.

V. P. Halpin, bearded, dark, economical of movement and phrase, as any psychiatrist should be who is conscious of the foibles of others, sits in his office in the Janet Wattles Mental Health Center in downtown Rockford. He speaks, of course, with restraint, about people who act without it:

"We see the effects of growing unemployment rather dramatically. The demand for our services has escalated tremendously over the last five months. We are seeing a significant increase in the amount of people we come in contact with on a crisis basis. Sixty percent of our client population is eligible for public aid, and 90 percent has an income below the 1970 median income level."

Halpin summons an associate, Dan Figiel, lean, a clinical worker, who talks faster and less precisely than the man he works for:

"Types of things we're seeing? We've probably had more problems related to depression and anxiety—those things are more under control when people are active. People get suddenly laid off, find themselves with a lot of time, get pretty anxious what to do with that time. If they're prone to being depressed, that will make it worse, then they get caught up with thinking about their problems; their problems become the priority thing. It can extend into marriage things, into feelings about self-worth.

"I find it a lot tougher on men than women. Women can come home and do some of the home functions and don't seem to be so disturbed by it. It hits males quite hard. It can get into a lot of physical things, and unless they have some insight into what's going on, it's hard to convince them that the onset is tension. People come in with feelings they haven't been able to express. They've been trying to analyze themselves, and they get more and more in the hole because they can't come up with answers. There is a tremendous loss, a feeling of inadequacy—we have to beef up the support structure.

"What it amounts to is, we're dealing with people whose options are being seriously foreclosed."

In a windy place, a calm is a fearful thing. A glassy sea breeds suspicion: Something's coming, rolling this stillness ahead of it like a carpet. Without the normal stir, and rush of the air and the waves breaking, the high gulls' cries are strangely loud and there are creaks and lappings heard below the deck. Calm carries no threat to the hull or the sail or the tall mast, only to the mind of the sailor.

On this early spring morning, at 3:00 o'clock, a clinging snow was falling, sifting straight through the halos of the street lamps and piling up on the roofs and windshields of the parked cars. The snow had no swirl; it fell calmly from its high-cloud turmoil down into sleep. Out on Alpine Road, far from the dark river and the brick buildings of downtown Rockford, in a 24-hour restaurant which pompously calls itself the Hollywood Dining Centre, Ken Bollinger was standing at the open pay phone, talking without movement or emotion.

Things do not go all wrong in an afternoon. Confidence is not destroyed in a flaming instant

"You can sell my guitar," he said, "to get back the money I took."

His voice was a monotone, but the wail at the other end was ripped.

"Ken, the gun?"

He continued: "Don't worry about that, you'll get it back. You can pick me up at the morgue in the morning."

He hung up. The morgue in the morning, the mourning morgue. He always liked words and the way they mingle, and the phrase had a rhythm, a mood that he walked in, still and rolling, like the rising Rock River. It had a different address from night's stark dark marked morgue; the morgue in the morning was lined with satin, smiling in a snowy sun, pale flowers and tears.

In the street between the Hollywood and the car, Bollinger's feet mushed softly in the snow; a car moved past with a long hush. He watched the red glow and could see each snowflake picked and turned by the car's draft: There it was, great beauty. The lights behind the snow, the lazy lift and fall of each red grain. Like the sweetness of the morgue in the morning, everything here was of great, slow beauty, turning. This, at the end, is tranquility.

Bollinger slid into the car, closed the door with a satisfying thump and a feeling of total competence, and drove away, the Winchester and two loaded clips on the seat beside him. If there is one thing a man should be able to do with accuracy, it is take his own life. This was going to be no trouble at all. He drove with slow power, flexing the car on the street. He felt like a dam holding back a river: He had closed his gates, and the deep water standing back of him now, scummed with debris, had been a long time growing.

Things do not go all wrong in an afternoon. Confidence is not destroyed in a flaming instant. You are a strong human being, then you are not; no matter, you will live with it. You are a working man, then you are not; no matter, there will be another job. The other jobs are harder to find than you expected; no matter, the recession will end. You are a small businessman, then you are not. It's the accumulation that tires you, like lead in the blood. You are a father, but you are not a provider, you are not a man. People are looking at you, and now the limp is more pronounced and the long headaches which you could ignore when you worked dominate your day and you point them out—see, I am in pain.

Then: There is a bottom. All those things you anticipated between 1:30 and 3:00 on many mornings in the tight twin bed you share with Teri, who sleeps like a drowned rock, have now happened. The only thing left to lose is Teri herself, the greatest thing. That is the flaming instant: In the basement of her father's house, with his influence holding her to it, she comes to say she is going to rent her own apartment, and the marriage of little more than a year, the marriage that was going to change your life, has ended.

Thoreau's phrase, quiet desperation, is redundant. Desperation is by nature quiet. When there is no hope left to clamor after, all that is left is calm. So, while they are upstairs completing the job of absorbing Teri back into her original womb, you quietly take the money and you lift the rifle from its glass and velvet case and you leave through the basement door.

Bollinger stopped the car beside a parking meter opposite the downtown Greyhound depot. There were no passengers waiting for a bus in the snow.

The Winchester was not strange to him—basic training in the Marine Corps gave him a comfortable familiarity with weapons—so he automatically inserted a clip and snapped a round into the chamber. Then he waited.

When you put death into the arena, everything else just sidles away. The big fighter with the cape and spears feels himself shrinking under that stare, and he excuses himself weakly and drifts up into the stands. It's like a mathematician finding out about zero. The philosopher sees in death his culmination. Here, matters of great importance change, growing or diminishing. What's the last thought of the dying soldier, an idea softly conceived in gauze? That those complex ideals for which he fought were really as vast and weighty as a tufted seed and that war is just parcheesi played with darts? But this sting of clarity is usually unexpected and brief; it too slips away. The thing about suicide is that you can prolong the moment. You can contemplate and chew it, savor its deepest calms, and then fire.

It would seem that what you must remember, if you wish to be successful in your ultimate aim, is not to pause too long in this lobby of tranquility, in case the relief of seeing your personal horrors shrink from this perspective should tempt you to exit by the door you entered rather than by the dark one at the other end.

Do it quickly, Hamlet, or not at all. Because if you turn away and break out the in door, the calm remains behind in the building that houses death. Now those failures and discomforts which seemed so insignificant are magnified by a lens turned around: The ultimate failure of announcing suicide and then rejecting it. The still lobby blasts you out with warm air, and as you kneel on the sidewalk there are people stepping around you saying, he never really meant to do it, it was just a game.

When Bollinger took the gun from the rack in the basement and left, he also drained the quietude from the house. Teri's father roared into the night after his son-in-law just as Bollinger was dialing at the Hollywood, and he returned unsuccessfully to find the two women sitting beside the living room window, lights on, curtains open. What are you doing? Squatting like a pair of tin ducks in a gallery, oblivious to the shadow paying a quarter at the booth? Pull the curtains, dammit, turn out the lights. Who knows what he's going to do. I've called the police.

Teri phoned Bollinger's stepmother in Wisconsin, who, when the phone rang at 4:00 a.m., woke afraid. "What's *happened*?" she asked, but suddenly Teri couldn't speak; tears had caught her. Her mother had to take the phone and explain.

Outside the bus station Bollinger waited, watching the snow, and the momentum escaped him. Perhaps if he had taken a pistol his intention would have carried through, but it must take overwhelming determination and a dormant sense of the ridiculous to shoot yourself with your toe. She doesn't need me dead, he thought, she just needs me gone. So with his ebbing calm he dropped the clip out of the rifle, drew back the bolt, and with a flash of brass, the round kicked out onto the floor.

"I don't want to kill anyone," he shouted, as if there was noise around him, at the dark shapes that moved behind the snow-spread glare. "I will if I have to"

Bollinger drove quickly up Alpine. The car's rear window was almost opaque with snow, but it was not cloaked enough to hide the lights on the road behind him. There were the cops: Two cars smoking up the street, each with a single red beacon, darting, darting, darting. Another was leaping down Newberg, intersecting, sinuous and fast as a big cat. He was hard now, pressed with tension against the ridicule that would thump on his shoulder and smirk at him for failing to make an efficient end. Now, let them do it, let these bounding, blue, self-confident creatures rip me down.

He squealed the car into the empty parking lot at the Colonial Village Mall, past the Little Ike Cannon replica in the center. The sedate brick and white stores with their wrought-iron trim and gas lamps flashed past him, a train moving across his headlights as he turned: Marcey's, Gruno's Jewelry, Mary Lester, Owens, Stuckey's, Nobile Shoes. Coach Light, Weise's Swiss Colony, Penney's. He locked the brakes and spun in a slow semicircle on the snow. The other headlights careened around him like poorly coordinated spotlights looking for the star, then slid together and focused.

No quiet lobby here: He was back with his rock band, raucous and challenging. This was the dark room full of bodies and flashes of light with the drummer pounding a simple rhythm and he and the others in the band slamming noise from their guitars and one of them, maybe him, waving a rubber rooster and shouting an obscene offer, inside the ring of light.

He pushed the door open and pointed the Winchester at the nearest pair of headlights. "I don't want to kill anyone," he shouted, as if there was noise around him, at the dark shapes that moved behind the snow-spread glare. "I will if I have to."

Soon the crowd in this room would grow restless and aggressive at the offensive joke and would start throwing fire. No one would know the challenge was empty until they looked in the gun. The clips were in the glove compartment. Like a good Marine trainee he had checked the chamber. "No-brass-no-ammo, sir," the trainees chant, passing the range officer on their way off the firing line, having spent their bullets on human silhouettes. The rifle was clear.

Then the gun jerked upward, a hand on the barrel, and something muscular, more like a tentacle than an arm, had him out of the car and had jammed his hands roughly behind him and clamped them in steel. "You rotten fucking bastard," a voice said, "now get in the car. Move." No brass, no ammo, sir. "MOVE!"

MAN DISARMED IN PARKING LOT.

A man police said was despondent over lack of employment held officers at gunpoint early this morning in the Colonial Village shopping center parking lot.

[Kenneth Bollinger], 24, was disarmed after about ten minutes and charged with aggravated assault and having no firearm identification or driver's license. . . .

In the little city cell the floor was scuffed and loose. Alone, finally, his fingertips still greasy from the ink, Bollinger pried at the linoleum with his nails and broke off a sharp little piece. There was no reason or quietness left, just a rushing anguish. He hacked at his left wrist with the bit of floor. The wrist bled, meekly, sending a thin runnel down his arm, but the blue vein was rubbery and would not break.

Jesus. In any other town, he thought, they wouldn't have waited. In Los Angeles. In New York. In Chicago. I could have opened the door and pointed, and that's all I would have done. In any other town, by now I would be just blood on the pavement, mopped away, and early shoppers would pass and see my stain and think of me as oil.

The H. Douglas Singer Zone Center is a new mental health treatment facility, an arrangement of low, grey-brown brick buildings and curving streets collected on what seems to be 100 acres of lawn on the north edge of Rockford. It was to the Singer Center that the judge dispatched Ken Bollinger when he pleaded guilty to one count of assault, while his wife sat in the courtroom and cried. He was there for a month and a week, taking classes in high-level awareness and socialization, going to team meetings and milieu meetings and having tear sessions with his wife, spittings and hissings over old abrasions, coached from the sidelines by a psychiatrist. Then he went home on two years' probation.

But home was a different place. Instead of the townhouse or the basement of Teri's parents' house, it was a one-bedroom basement apartment in a big block of a building on a semi-rural road near Rockford where a cornfield stands next to a trailer distributor. The rent was $160, but Teri paid $55 and the county picked up the rest. She began receiving $122 worth of food stamps free, and now, early each month, there was the welfare check, free money, for which she had paid.

Now: It is Saturday night. Bollinger has been home only a day when I grope down the unlighted stairs to the apartment. He stands a bit awkwardly when I come in, a young man with a dark goatee and clean, pale hands, barefoot. He sits down in an upholstered rocking chair, his legs crossed, while Teri sits, leaning on an elbow, on their twin bed.

The room is sparsely furnished, but clean: the chair, a sofa, the maple bed, a small TV, a stereo, a swing for Tanya. The window, high in the wall, is curtained by a flowered sheet. All the time we talk, four hours, the ceiling creaks, as if someone is pacing, slowly, in the apartment upstairs.

I ask them: How did it happen, why did it happen, where are you now? Their answers are flecked with gaiety.

"You got to realize that there are people that do care about you. I didn't know that I was going to hurt as many people as I think I did, I—"

"Ken was in an eggshell; the only thing that got through to him was the TV; Ken, I couldn't have talked to you for love or money," Teri laughs. "Ken was—"

"You got to realize that there are people that do care about you"

"I was trying to live up to people, but I was knowing all along that I wasn't filling the role. Everything got to me; we were both klutzes, a perfect match, we were competing to see who would end up in the nuthouse first. I wasn't me for three months—"

"Dad was upstairs pushing Ken to get a better job, I was in the middle," she laughs again, "and I—"

"I'd get depressed and cry about it. Why would anyone hire a perpetual cripple? I felt I was the lowest thing there ever was—"

Teri is laughing again, just gently. They are both smiling about it, communicating behind the words, like young lovers who know hardly anything about each other except that there is a union of adventure in their eyes. I am not sure if the laughter comes from nervousness or joy or apprehension; probably some of each.

Without particular gravity, Ken repeats a phrase he has said earlier about what he learned in the Singer Center. It's one he seems to want to be sure of, the flange on his wheels, built to hold him to the steel on the curves.

"The most important thing is just that it is not a physical defect that cripples you, it's your own mind. If you let that cripple you, you lose everything. I figure whatever happens, I'm as good as the best and better than the rest."

They are still adjusting: Teri hasn't stopped calling Jason and Tanya, now asleep in the bedroom, my children, and Ken remains immersed in the nuthouse jargon of shrinks and quiet rooms and the quantities of marbles retained in the brain. And they are also fitting their combined existence to a new kind of living.

There has been a storm, and here in the hold of the vessel there is still live water and the sound of pumps, and balance is by no means sure. The Bollingers used to travel first class, on the upper deck, but now the superstructure's gone. There is a new equilibrium to be found down here, one that they used to imagine would smell of rats, but they are discovering that the bunks are just as clean, even if the quarters are close and the noise of engines more pronounced.

"We couldn't have done it before," Teri says with another light laugh. "Welfare was a taboo word. You don't say it, but finally you have to do it. I don't like having to take all this free money, but I've got to look at the realistic side. Anyway, you know, you can really live on welfare and be comfortable."

So now, more accustomed to the beneficence of the government, Ken is planning to go back to college under a vocational rehabilitation program. He has not yet decided what skill he will learn, but it all opens out before him as another option which he had not seen before that snowy Monday morning.

Cross-legged in the chair, he gestures broadly with his hands, and the chair rocks slightly.

"I used to be a doer, then I quit," he says: "Now I'm a doer again."

There is a momentary flash of anxiety across the room, as if Teri is recoiling from this blunt statement of being. "You sure?"

He looks straight at her. "It will take a lot to get me down again." There is strength behind his words and behind his steady eyes, but there is uncertainty in the room. ●

Movies

The dregs

By Frank Rich

Much in the manner of unhappy families, bad movies are not all alike—and, as stiff as the competition may be, Norman Jewison's new sci-fi epic, **Rollerball**, can stand nearly alone at the top of this year's sleaze heap. *Rollerball* isn't merely bad; it is, in the strictest definition of the word, rotten. It's a movie that promises to provide excitement and then doesn't; a movie that presumes to condemn the violence of modern spectator sports and then exploits that very same violence; a movie that endorses brain over brawn and then treats the audience as though it were a pack of morons. The only current film that can match this one for sheer ugliness of spirit is *Mandingo*, that lowdown Richard Fleischer epic which uses slavery in America's antebellum South as an excuse to celebrate the erotic virtues of sado-masochism.

Ostensibly *Rollerball* is a devastating glimpse into the future (2018 A.D.), when, as screenwriter William Harrison sees it, all of mankind's bloodthirsty tendencies will be channeled into a bloody professional sport which gives the film its title. Rollerball, we learn very early, is a game played on a roller derby-like rink, around which men circle on either roller skates or motorcycles as they try to capture an oversized silver pinball and thrust it into a goal. The futuristic society that invented this game is one ruled by giant impersonal corporations—corporations that have eradicated war, poverty, crime and possibly even acne, but have done so by insisting that the human race give up all its claims to free will. "We provide for the whole world," explains John Houseman, who plays one of the well-dressed and well-spoken Big Brothers who run the corporations. "We only ask that no one interferes with management decisions." Needless to say, *Rollerball* is about what happens when someone dares to interfere.

That someone proves to be rollerball superstar Jonathan E (James Caan). Jonathan E is so popular that he has become bigger than the game itself, and, in 2018, such a cult of personality just won't do; the nervous, threatened corporation execs insist that he retire. Since Jonathan E has all the material and sexual privileges his society can bestow, there doesn't seem to be any reason why he shouldn't retire—any more than there's a reason why he's the only character in the film with an initial tacked onto his name. (If there's any motive for Jonathan E's refusal to hang up his roller skates, it's only that if he did so the movie would be over in five minutes—and then where would we be?) In any case, by being so obstinate, our hero forces the execs to come up with another plan to get rid of him: Slowly and not so surely they alter the rules of rollerball so that an already hideous sport becomes a literal fight to the death. By the end of this lovely picture, we are being asked to root for Jonathan E to kill as many game opponents as possible—so that he might save his own, unnecessarily endangered skin.

James Caan with friend in Jewison's *Rollerball:* the future doesn't work.

Director Jewison's career has been downhill ever since his early hits, *In the Heat of the Night* and *The Russians Are Coming*, but even *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, his grandest disaster, isn't proper preparation for his pratfalls in *Rollerball*. Jewison has packed this project with late '60s moviemaking gimmicks—zoom and slow-motion effects, energetic cross-cutting, freeze frames—and such directorial affectations are nearly always at cross purposes with his material. During the film's game sequences, he's so busy trying to create arty tableaus with dark lighting and jerky camera movements that we can't figure out which team is winning or even which player is beating in another's face with the spiked gloves that are standard rollerball equipment. The shots of the cheering stadium crowds look like they were all filmed during a single afternoon and then scattered arbitrarily throughout the action; ultimately, it's left to the rollerball announcers and Andre Previn's derivative, creepy music to let us know when something gruesome is afoot.

Jewison hasn't gotten much out of his actors—Caan, whose bracing energy has enlivened even such turkeys as *The Gambler* and *Funny Lady*, is strangely subdued here, and Houseman (Academy Award or not) is pure ham—and he hasn't gotten much out of

Production Designer John Box, either. *Rollerball* may have cost a lot of money, but the money doesn't show up on screen. Except for the game rink itself, this movie's 21st-century architecture looks tacky: The sleek office buildings, with their sterile corridors and escalators, suggest the milieu of such recent sci-fi and non-sci-fi films as *THX1138, Westworld, Phantom of the Paradise, Sleeper, The Parallax View* and *The Conversation;* Jonathan E's luxurious ranch house is right out of *Playboy* magazine. The technological innovations we can look forward to over the next 50 years are apparently minimal as well. There's something called Multivision, in which a large TV screen is surrounded by smaller screens; it's a useless device that was first demonstrated at the last New York World's Fair, and here it serves only to remind us of the split-screen tricks Jewison pumped into *The Thomas Crown Affair* around that same time. There's also a glass-enclosed waterfall called "Zero," which, according to its keeper (Ralph Richardson in a lively cameo), is the storehouse of the world's information; "Zero" talks like the Wizard of Oz and looks less like civilization's central brain than it does like a kitschy centerpiece appropriate to the lobby of Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hotel.

None of this would make any difference if anything were happening in *Rollerball*, but this is a movie that has a lot of time on its hands. Each game begins with a "corporate anthem" so deadly that "The Star Spangled Banner" seems like "Hello, Dolly!" by comparison; each change in the rollerball rules is repeated over and over again, just in case we didn't pick up on it at first (as if it made any difference if we didn't). There are many talky scenes between the rollerball games—a decadent party scene, a few talky background scenes about long ago (and terribly vague) "corporate wars," a ludicrous philosophical debate between Jonathan E and his ex-wife that, if played for laughs, might be more appropriate to Woody Allen's *Love and Death.* I assume these various sequences are intended as breathing spells between the rollerball matches, but we don't need any breathing spells; it's hard enough just to stay awake. If *Rollerball* is what the future looks like, it's safe to say that the future doesn't work—hell, it hardly even stirs.

Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman in Rosenberg's *Drowning Pool:* babbling.

Ross Macdonald writes what may be the richest detective novels since those of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, but you'd never know it from **The Drowning Pool,** Stuart Rosenberg's new film adapted from one of the writer's Lew Archer thrillers. The private eye hero of this picture has no resemblance to Macdonald's fictional protagonist, even in name. Here, as in Jack Smight's lame 1966 Macdonald adaptation, star Paul Newman is playing an L.A. detective named Harper—and Harper resembles no one so much as Paul Newman, as Newman might look in the midst of an extended vacation.

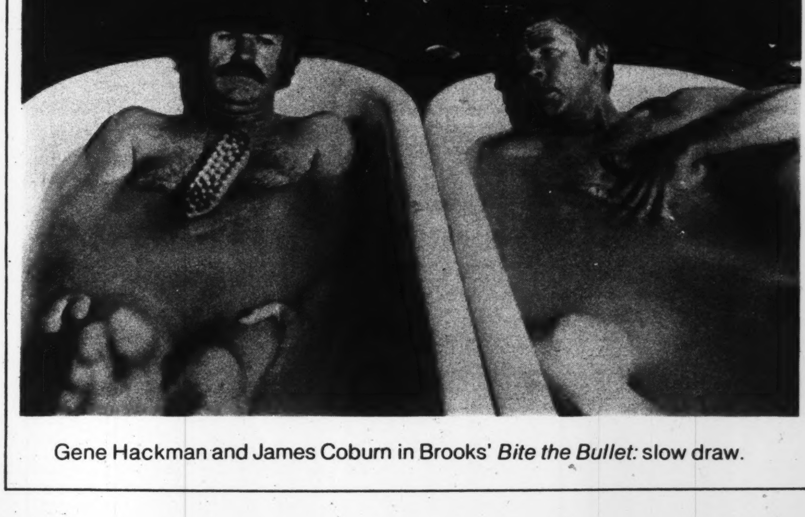
The traditional elements of a Macdonald fable—missing parents, ecological disasters, secretive women—are given lip service in this movie about murder and dirty money in high-living New Orleans society, but that's about it. Director Rosenberg shows us oil rigs and decadence whenever it's convenient, as if, without further explanation, we will instantly appreciate what such phenomena tell us about Macdonald's moral point of view. If you've never read one of Macdonald's novels, you may have no idea why this movie exists, not to mention what it's about; if you have read Macdonald, you'll be simultaneously affronted and confused. *The Drowning Pool* comes on like a babbling idiot: There doesn't seem to be any thought-out plan by which the screenwriters (Tracy Keenan Wynn, Lorenzo Semple Jr. and Walter Hill) present the information crucial to the mystery. When, in the film's final half-hour, all the various strands of the plot are tied together, the heretofore missing links pile up so fast that only a speed-freak could possibly sort them out.

Although Harper is intended as a hard-boiled good guy in the tradition of Philip Marlowe, Sam Spade and such recent latter-day movie detective heroes as those played by Jack Nicholson (*Chinatown*), Elliott Gould (*The Long Goodbye*) and Gene Hackman (*Night Moves*), he comes across as a nonentity. It could be that Paul Newman has been in too many bum movies for his own good: This time around, he's dangerously close to being out of control—his recurring inward grins and the hand gestures he makes every time he spots a clue suggest a breakdown in professionalism that suits neither him nor the character he plays. When this Harper is told that he's "into something . . . way over [his] head" or when he himself says things like "I'm sticking it through to the very end," there's nothing in Newman's performance to transform the cliches into fun.

Newman is too good for this kind of nonsense, and he's too good to continue to appear in movies directed by Stuart Rosenberg. Since the overrated *Cool Hand Luke* eight years ago, this filmmaker has turned out only stiffs—one of which, *WUSA*, a botched adaptation of Robert Stone's novel, *A Hall of Mirrors,* gave Newman and wife/co-star Joanne Woodward some of their most embarrassing on-screen moments. Rosenberg is, at best, incompetent, and if you want to see what I mean, just take a look at *The Drowning Pool* in conjunction with Arthur Penn's current *Night Moves.* The two films share similarly alienated L.A. detective heroes, one key actress (Melanie Griffith is a teenage nympho in both), a fascination for water imagery and equally disheveled and incoherent screenplays. Both movies are failures, and yet one failed minute of *Night Moves* is worth all of *The Drowning Pool* put together. For all its problems, the Penn movie has real emotional feeling for broken families, an aching sense of loss and a hero we care about; though not as good as Macdonald's novels and not derived from them, *Night Moves* is closer in feeling to that fiction than Rosenberg's anemic exercise in Macdonald adaptation. *The Drowning Pool* does have a decent supporting cast (Woodward, Murray Hamilton, Linda Haynes, Helena Kallianiotes, Richard Jaeckel and Coral Browne), as well as some of the more essential accoutrements of the modern detective genre (a malevolent local cop, a suspicious gay married man, a good-hearted whore, a tinge of political corruption) and a slapping scene right out of *Chinatown.* All that's missing is heart, conviction, suspense and some other little things like that.

Not content to make a plain, old-fashioned, exciting horse opera, director-screenwriter Richard Brooks *(The Professionals, In Cold Blood)* has, in **Bite the Bullet,** attempted to make the western to end them all. *Bite the Bullet* is a fictional account of a 700-mile endurance race through the changing American West of 1906, and, within the confines of its unwieldy narrative, the filmmaker has managed to trot out every dime-novel cliche known to God or Zane Grey. Of course, Brooks is a pretty intellectual guy, and the motive for his invocation of all the old, familiar bromides is no doubt the loftiest imaginable: *Bite the Bullet,* one assumes, is intended as an ironic comment on the old myths—as yet another revisionist paean to the glory days of the frontier. The only trouble is that Brooks is no longer as fast a draw as he used to be, and instead of successfully ambushing the beloved cliches that inform this project, he is ultimately ambushed by them.

The race's competitors—all vying for a cash reward offered by the event's newspaper sponsor—are a collection of lovable desperados as familiar as, if not more familiar than, all outdoors: There's a fun-loving gambler looking for a big win (James Coburn), a no-nonsense loner fond of championing lost causes (Gene Hackman), a kid anxious to make a reputation (Jan-Michael Vincent), a British fop (Ian Bannen), a saintly Mexican (Mario Arteaga), a tired old-time cowboy looking for a place in the sun (Ben Johnson) and a whore-gone-straight (Candice Bergen, with perfect eye makeup and Mount Holyoke manners). These characters' attitude toward the race, like the director's, might best be described as lackadaisical: The contestants often ride in clusters, as if they didn't give a damn whether they won or not, and they spend more time gabbing and resting and fooling around than they do trying to chug on to victory. Since Brooks has shot the film with a total disinterest in orienting the audience, it doesn't make any difference: At any given moment in *Bite the Bullet* you can't tell which rider is ahead, even if you care enough to want to know.



Gene Hackman and James Coburn in Brooks' *Bite the Bullet:* slow draw.

Along the way different entrants meet with different disasters—sudden snowstorms, vicious rattlesnakes, horses that go nuts and the like—but most of all Brooks wants to find openings for his protagonists to deliver soliloquies—soliloquies that might (who knows?) lead to Oscar nominations. Johnson—who has already won an Oscar for a monologue he delivered in *The Last Picture Show*—here gets to deliver a long spiel by a campfire one night. "Mister," as the man he plays is so fetchingly called, is not so much the stuff of legends as he is stuffed with them: In the course of a long and rambling account of his life as a saddle-tramp we learn that he has dug for gold, silver, lead and mercury but has "never dug out a decent day's wages yet." Only by winning the race, he explains, will he finally get to be "a big man, a top man, a man to remember . . . ." But Brooks, unable to let an opportunity for pathos slide by, has other plans for "Mister"—he sees to it that the cowpoke drops dead almost as soon as his burst of homespun poetry is over. A little later, Hackman, who has had the misfortune of being the object of Mister's address, gets to deliver a speech of his own to an apparently tongue-tied Candice Bergen. The character Hackman plays is an ex-Rough Rider, and, accordingly, his monologue is an endless dirge about the horrors of war, the sorrows of love and the impossibility of heroism; his speech is so rigorously existential that you could die, and how Brooks failed to work an account of a bullfight into it is beyond me.

Otherwise *Bite the Bullet* is comprised of a lot of shots of horses running across various scenic horizons to the accompaniment of some westward-ho Alex North music, some buddy-buddy horseplay between pals Hackman and Coburn (two fine actors working at lowest ebb) and a ridiculous last-gasp plot twist (featuring some escaped cons) that is abandoned, presumably out of embarrassment, almost as quickly as it is picked up. The movie's title derives from a scene in which the Mexican is given a gold bullet to serve in place of a missing tooth; I'm sure, in this context, that the words "bite the bullet" have many additional levels of meaning, but I'm not about to go to a dentist to find out exactly what they are.

Books

Let him live

By Geoffrey Wolff

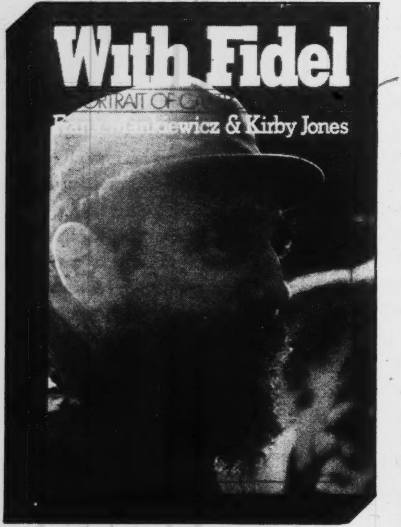
With Fidel: A Portrait of Castro and Cuba *by Frank Mankiewicz and Kirby Jones.* Playboy Press (367 pp., $8.95).

Since the American government wanted so badly to bump him off, it might be useful for the people nominally represented by the American government to take a closer look at Fidel Castro. Frank Mankiewicz and Kirby Jones, during three trips to Cuba in 1974 and 1975, interviewed Castro for 13 hours and spent another six with him informally, including a session when Castro popped into their hotel room for a visit while Mankiewicz, in his skivvies, was lathered up to shave. In addition, they toured Cuba for 24 days, going where they wished, speaking to anyone about anything. Both are fluent in Spanish, the language of the interviews; both were in the Peace Corps in Latin America, Mankiewicz as director for all Latin American Programs.

Their book is in three sections: their informal impressions of Cuba and Castro; the formal transcript of their interviews, during which every question they asked received an answer and no questions were outlawed; and the final section, which details the interviewers' judgment of the success of the revolution. (There is also an appendix containing two of Castro's speeches to the Cuban people.)

There are plenty of surprises. Castro, despite the fact that President Kennedy gave the order to invade at the Bay of Pigs, intensified the economic blockade of Cuba, forced the missiles out of Cuba and encouraged every kind of CIA mischief against Castro and his government, is as vulnerable to the Kennedy mystique as anyone. "Kennedy was a bold man, a man with initiative, a man with imagination. And he was a man of courage . . . he took many measures against us. But I speak to you in all sincerity and try to give you the opinion that I have of Kennedy. I say that truly he was one of the few men who had enough courage to question a policy and to change it." (He also continues to admire Henry Kissinger.)

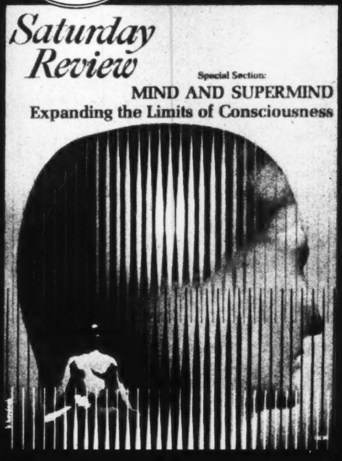
He admits to many mistakes, by no means the least of which was his intransigence during the Missile Crisis. He says that it was fortunate that the Soviet Union ignored him and negotiated directly with the United States: ". . .We were enormously irritated. But if we are realistic, and we go back in history, we realize that ours was not the correct posture. . . . We felt very passionate and were opposed to any concessions in negotiations, but in a negotiation one has to make concessions." He is willing to make them now, to the United States. He concedes that "the determining factor" causing Cuba to sign a recent agreement outlawing airplane hijacking "was really a concern for international public opinion—for the people of the United States." His one nonnegotiable demand before he agrees to discuss the restoration of what might pass for normal relations with this country is an end to the economic blockade of Cuba, which he freely admits has been quite effective, and very painful. His attitude toward our presence at Guantanamo is not adamantine.



The authors, comparing notes after their first meeting with Castro, decided that they had been with "one of the most charming and entertaining men either of us had ever met. Whether one agrees with him or not, Castro is personally overpowering." His force of personality flows from his good humor, his willingness to laugh at himself, his candor and his staggering store of knowledge. Every question brings an answer loaded with details, all of them seemingly at the front of his mind. The authors say, and the interviews show, that he is competent to discuss construction projects with an engineer, economist, architect, bricklayer or city planner. "He knows the monthly water temperatures at the fishing ports and when they are most favorable for catching various fish. He knows how many feet can be spanned by concrete—and at what stress. And he knows sugar—probably better than anyone in the world."

His knowledge of this country is formidable. The interviewers were astonished by his firm purchase on President Ford's 1975 State of the Union message regarding energy and the recession: "It was clear from the conversation" (which lasted more than an hour) "that Castro understood the program and all of its interrelated parts better than Ford's experts—at least those who had commented on it publicly—and probably better than the President did. Not only that, he defended it vigorously and eloquently. . . . If the White House advisers were really courageous, they'd bring Fidel Castro up to cut some TV spots."

Perhaps because of their admiration for Castro, Mankiewicz and Jones are frequently gentler in their questions than their subject is in his answers. They are polite, do not mean to offend. There is much talk about the connection of many Cuban exiles with the CIA, but there is no deep exploration of why almost 10 percent of the population chose to flee from Castro (who, let it be recorded, let them go). But the interviewers do explore the restrictions on personal liberty in Cuba. There is no right of organized dissent and no press freedom. Castro doesn't skirt the matter: "We don't understand the concept of liberty in the same way as you and, as a matter of fact, the opportunities to carry out opposition against the Revolution are minimal. They do not exist legally. I tell you in all sincerity how it is. . . . This is a principle we believe in, and that is that we do not allow the activities of the enemies of the Revolution." (Castro seems to have been badly snake-bit by the overthrow of Allende, and offers Allende's devotion to civil membership is free with your subscription


Saturday Review

Special Section:
MIND AND SUPERMIND
Expanding the Limits of Consciousness

NEW TIMES

Order Form

Yes, please enter my subscription to Saturday Review for one year at $14—the lowest rate available, saving me $5.50 on single copy costs. I understand that, as a Saturday Review subscriber, I'll automatically be enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, entitled to all benefits and privileges, and will be sent a personal membership card.

☐ **$14 enclosed**
☐ **Bill me**
(Offer good in U.S. only.)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

EMA5G0503

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled as members of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, and are entitled to the following benefits (in addition to a full year of Saturday Review):

- Every member is eligible for a 20 per cent discount on the purchase of new books ordered through the Society's book department.
- Every member is eligible for special arts tours, both foreign and domestic, arranged for the Society.
- Every member may attend and participate in conferences and symposiums organized by the Society to examine important issues affecting the arts.
- Every member receives regular reports on the Society's activities in "Artsletter," the biweekly newsletter published in each issue of Saturday Review.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 138
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

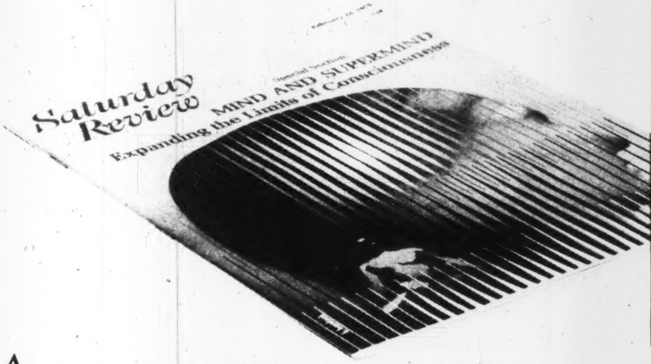
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

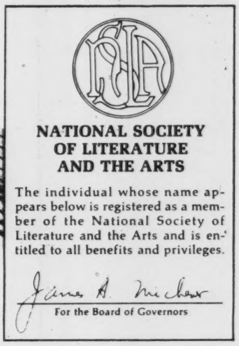
Postage will be paid by

Saturday Review
P.O. BOX 2118
ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS 61207

Now when you subscribe to Saturday Review you join a select society...

The National Society of Literature and the Arts.




NSLA

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The individual whose name appears below is registered as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts and is entitled to all benefits and privileges.

James A. Michener
For the Board of Governors

Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled in the Society—entitled to all benefits and privileges—at no extra cost.

A subscription to Saturday Review has always been an outstanding value for everyone whose range of interests includes literature and the arts.

Today it's a better value than ever before.

Because now Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled as members of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. *Without extra cost.* And are entitled to all the advantages of membership.

SR recently helped establish the National Society of Literature and the Arts to provide readers of the magazine with new membership benefits, and to provide the arts in America with a long-needed, powerful constituency.

The aim of the Society is to strengthen the arts at every level—in the schools, in the community, and in the nation. Serving on the Society's Board of Governors are Agnes de Mille, Andrew Wyeth, Harold Taylor, James Michener, Leontyne Price, Norman Cousins, R. Buckminster Fuller, Richard Rodgers, Roger Stevens, Roland Gelatt, S. Spencer Grin, and Walter Kerr.

What are the benefits of membership in the National Society of Literature and the Arts? They include:

- A 20 per cent discount on purchases of new books ordered through the Society's book department.
- Eligibility for special arts tours, both foreign and domestic, arranged for the Society.
- Opportunities to attend and participate in conferences and symposiums organized by the Society to examine important issues affecting the arts.
- Regular reports on the Society's activities in "Artsletter," the biweekly newsletter published in each issue of Saturday Review.

All of these membership advantages, of course, are in addition to a full year's subscription to Saturday Review—brighter, livelier, more informative, more talked-about than ever.

What does today's expanded Saturday Review *review?*

Everything that excites and lights up your mind.

National and world affairs. World peace. Books, music, records, theatre, film, fine art, dance, photography. Travel. Education. Science. The environment. Plus cartoons, puzzles, and scores of regular features to sharpen your mind and your wits.

SR articles and columns are written by outstanding authorities in every field. Men and women who write as clearly as they think. And leave you with new insights and new ideas issue after issue.

Each new Saturday Review will add to your knowledge, your range of interests, and *your enjoyment of living.*

SUBSCRIBE NOW—ENJOY FREE NSLA MEMBERSHIP

When you subscribe to SR now for a full year at $14—the lowest rate available—you will be automatically enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. You'll receive a personal membership card, and will then be entitled to all benefits and privileges offered Society members.

Use the order form today to start your Saturday Review subscription and NSLA membership.

ORDER FORM

Yes, please enter my subscription to Saturday Review for one year at $14—the lowest rate available, saving me $5.50 on single copy costs. I understand that, as a Saturday Review subscriber, I'll automatically be enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, entitled to all benefits and privileges, and will be sent a personal membership card.

☐ **$14 enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

(Above offer good in U.S. only)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ________

Mail to: **SATURDAY REVIEW**
P.O. Box 2118, Rock Island, Ill. 61207

EMA5G0503

liberties as a partial cause of his unhappy end.)

He admits to a belief that only armed force can upset entrenched political systems. He says this with sadness, but says it. He seems to forgive quickly, harbors no evident passion against the United States, believes his country and ours will again exchange visitors and goods. But, as he often says, he is patient, will not be rushed: "We are all dependent, in one form or another, upon others." It is crucial to understand this, and he realizes fully his dependence upon the Soviet Union. Their assistance has not come free of charge, as the interviewers point out. Castro felt obliged to defend the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in terms that cost him and his revolution the support of the European intellectual community.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to argue with his position that the influence of the Soviet Union on Cuba after the revolution has been more benign than the influence of the United States on Cuba before it. *Influence* is perhaps too timid a word to describe America in Cuba. We owned the place: the mines, power plants, oil refineries, telephone company, transportation systems, sugar mills, resort hotels, casinos and 40 percent of Cuba's best land. The Soviet Union owns only the allegiance of the Cuban government.

"We take off from the principle that our country is poor," Castro says. Well: there are no slums in Havana, Cuba has the lowest illiteracy rate in Latin America, there is no unemployment. Cuba has the lowest rate of infant mortality in Latin America, and the lifespan of the average Cuban has risen from 54 years at the time of the revolution to almost 70 today. Discrimination against blacks, miserably pervasive in pre-Castro Cuba, seems to have vanished. Women work side by side with men, but are not, to Castro's continuing dismay, accorded the respect accorded men—who do not wish to make beds or wash clothes and dishes. There was recently a pilot election to select leaders of a municipal government in the province of Matanzas: ". . . It may well have been the first unrigged, unbought election ever [in Cuba], whether before or after the Revolution." Nominees were freely chosen without regard to their Communist Party affiliation, or their sex. Yet only 5 percent of those elected were women, who seem to vote against themselves.

There is no secret police in Cuba. Citizens are not tortured. There are no huge portraits of Castro dominating public places. He is no megalomaniac, but his people seem to love him, because he means well. He's human; he's even read *Jaws*. Let's let him be.

Music

James and Carly: Portrait of a marriage

By Janet Maslin

With their different record labels and interests, with their widely diverse personal styles, James Taylor and Carly Simon certainly deserve better than this: Neither they nor their musical forays ought to be lumped together. And yet their two new albums, his *Gorilla* and her *Playing Possum*, are so closely connected that they virtually demand to be considered in tandem. All in all, the situation recalls a pair of television specials, entitled *Divorce: His* and *Divorce: Hers*, in which Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor co-starred several years ago. There, the idea was to examine a single subject—in that case, a failed marriage—from two equally myopic points of view; the drama derived not from the emotional fireworks each show detailed but from the utter irreconcilability of the two different versions. Simon and Taylor, whose albums are mostly about their own marriage (clearly a happier arrangement than the divorce programs' fictitious one), seem as poignantly at odds as the characters the Burtons portrayed. Still, their common subject binds the two current efforts so closely that it becomes impossible to listen to the one without thinking of the other, despite the sizable qualitative gap that separates them.

Carly Simon is apparently having a rough time of it these days, which is especially unfortunate and surprising in view of the couple's previous pair of releases, her *Hotcakes* and Taylor's *Walking Man*. Sounding even more dejected than usual then, Taylor and his lackluster material were further hampered by too-sprightly arrangements and production, and by an overall aimlessness—while Simon was at her best, healthier, livelier, less serious and hence less silly than ever before. Now, somehow, the tables have turned: It's she who seems stale and groping for ideas, Taylor who exudes unexpected vitality. Simon's *Playing Possum* may be her snazziest record thus far, on account of the Norman Seeff cover photograph (Seeff also did Taylor's current cover), which has her kneeling in a flimsy black slip and high boots, delicately suggesting to the potential buyer that the contents of this package will indeed have something to do with sex. But despite its subject, *Playing Possum* is anything but erotic; despite its plethora of slinky, slow-tempo numbers, the prevailing mood is more desperate than languid.

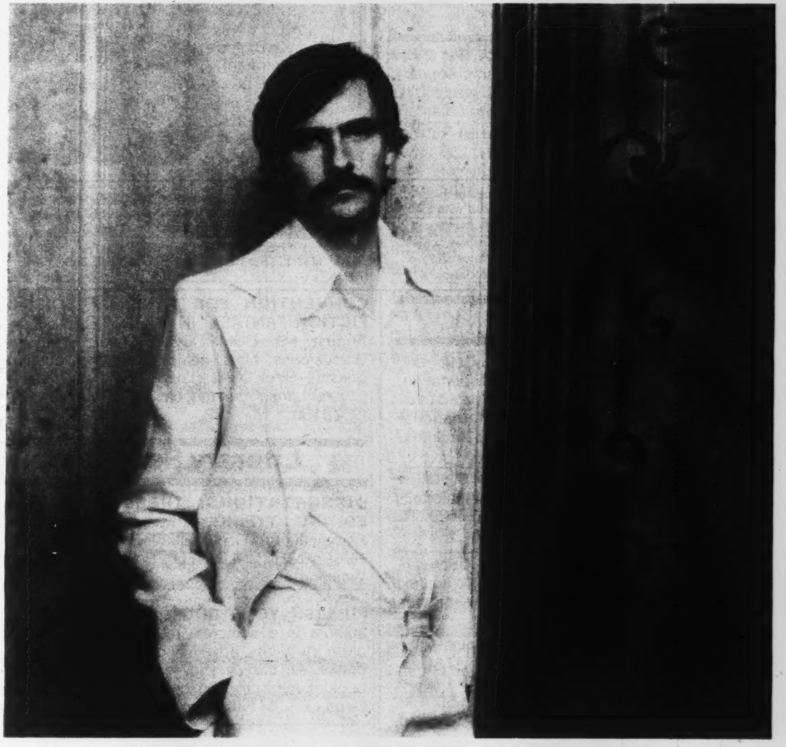
Carly Simon: stale and groping for ideas.

Sex, as flaunted by Simon on the cover and elsewhere, has become her ultimate and perhaps only weapon. Singing about it, she displays a self-assurance that has never graced her awkward, mock-sociological noodlings ("We loved to be so radical," notes *Possum*'s title cut, which attempts to trace the rise and fall of the '60s leftist lifestyle). And as she revels in her own sexuality throughout the album, she seems as eager to rejoice in her proficiency at *anything* as she does to celebrate these particular pleasures. But the aspect of sex that's most prominent in her music is its tactical importance as a bargaining point. In the most touching and apparently honest song here, she offers herself in complete sensual abandon; all her lover must do in exchange is "look me in the eyes."

That, Taylor's *Gorilla* indicates, is not as easy as it might sound. "She doesn't know what he's thinking, she only knows how he behaves," professes his "Love Songs." But after striking such an uncertain note, the lyric quickly goes on to provide one of those flashes of facile, down-home optimism in which Taylor has come to specialize: "I reckon I must be just an old softy/'Cause I still believe in love/I think the best is yet to come." Despite his album's frequent declarations of affection, dependency and commitment, Taylor seems—on the evidence of *Playing Possum*'s prevailing sense of frustration—to be almost as elusive to his own wife as he is to the listener.

Like the back cover photo, which has Taylor simultaneously smiling and clenching a fist, "Angry blues" provides a perfect example of the singer's self-contradictory streak: "I can't help it if I don't feel so good," announces the opening line, in a tone so jaunty Taylor sounds as if he's feeling fine. Here, and throughout the album, the struggle seems less between conflicting moods than between mood and manners. Indefatigably polite, Taylor is forever weighing how much of his own bleakness he can properly reveal, then—apparently fearful that too much of it has slipped out—covering for himself with carefully unconvincing good humor.

But however much of a personal hindrance it must be, Taylor's remoteness serves him as a creative asset. He remains detached enough to have a clear view of both the melancholy and Mr. Nice Guy aspects of his music, and to play them off against each other accordingly. The resultant blend of cheerfulness and bite leaves him room to be as self-aware as he is self-pitying, but *Gorilla* keeps his less attractive side firmly in check; when he does lapse into mawkishness (as in the outstanding, surprisingly bluesy "You Make It Easy"), his voice carries an edge of self-mockery too. *Gorilla* is as full of simple contradictions as Taylor's best early songs were, and its polarities are almost as unnaturally sharp as those of his sunny-rainy period. But now his melodies and arrangements are slightly more sophisticated, his production (this time from Warner Brothers' foremost folk-rock team, Lenny Waronker and Russ Titelman) more full-bodied, his perspective a little better defined. Just what it is that has brought Taylor back to life after such a long stay in the doldrums ("Don't know how I made it through/I guess it's got something to do with you/Never was I so in love before . . . ." is his own musical explanation) is nobody's business and anybody's guess, but he has somehow been able to pick his career up again way ahead of where it left off.



James Taylor: a struggle between mood and manners.

Simon, who has been pretty much left at the starting gate this time, has a two-fold problem to overcome: She's too excruciatingly close to her subject, and yet there's nothing else she writes about comfortably. Singing "Slave," a song of feminine longing that Simon has said she intended to be ironic, she makes the self-abasement sound distressingly genuine. On the unbearably coy "Are You Ticklish?" she asks "do you like me, or am I just hoping for too much?" without the slightest touch of redeeming flipness. *Playing Possum*'s songs of frustration are too raw to work; they lack the humor or wisdom that might render them artful, and yet her songwriting is too mannered to let her feelings come through directly, either. The woman who worked "gavotte" into a song lyric is up to the same tricks here, tripping over phrases like "artifacts in disrepair" and "so it's safe to assume" not even because she needs them to complete her rhymes, but because she *likes* them.

Hotcakes was her most affecting album precisely because it was self-contained and didn't strain to be about anything. *Playing Possum* isn't really about anything either, but this time she's busy trying—and trying so hard that her insight, her freshness, her sometimes remarkable energy have all been lost in the scuffle.

**½* The Beau Brummels (Warner Bros.). Soft, sinuous, extremely understated reunion album from a San Francisco folk-rock band that last recorded together in 1968. The hiatus has done a world of good, particularly for singer Sal Valentino, who has worked considerable new nuance into his sweet, sultry tone.

***Jaws, *Music from the Original Motion Picture Soundtrack,* Composed and Conducted by John Williams (MCA). The scare of the summer yields the best old-fashioned symphonic movie score in years, shark's theme and all.

NewTimes Classified

NEW TIMES Classified is a service published in every issue of NEW TIMES. Rates are 85¢ per word with a 10 word minimum; 75¢ per word for 6 or more insertions; 65¢ per word for over 12 insertions. Box numbers, and phone numbers count as 2 words; abbreviations and zip codes count as one word. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Money order or check must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (25 days before issue date). Make all checks payable to New Times Communications Corporation. Send to NEW TIMES MAGAZINE, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016

Employment

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now Hiring, 103 Countries, All Occupations, High Pay, Free Transportation, Tax Benefits. Latest Computerized reports—$2.00. **TRANSWORLD,** International Airport, Box 90802-NT, Los Angeles, California 90009.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANTS YOU!!! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! latest information and forms. $1.00. **Austco,** Box 3623-NT, Long Beach, California 90803.

MEN! WOMEN! JOBS ON SHIPS. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. Guide $3.00. Seafax, Dept. X-7, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Washington 98362.

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS. Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies: U.S. address, type industry, foreign locations. Examples: Avis-12 countries, GE-20, Heinz-9, Hilton-30, IBM-70, 3M-30, MGM-39 Texaco-42, TWA-39, Upjohn-19. Many position requirements included. $5. OCONUS (E22), 704 Mira Vista, Huntsville, Al. 35802.

WORLD CRUISE/GIANT SCHOONERS. Forget your cares for a year or two!! Men. Women. Marine experience unnecessary. Some paid positions, some volunteer. Details, application forms, $1. Apply to: SAIL CREW CLEARING HOUSE, P.O. Box 1976, SCCH-NT, Orlando, Fl. 32802.

Gourmet

ORIENTAL GROCERIES, SPICES—All Eastern Cuisines. Send for our free brochure. We ship anywhere. Pacific Trader, Chatham, New York 12037.

"MAKE DELICIOUS WINE AND CHAMPAGNE in your kitchen. Complete instructions $2.00. Send check to JA-J, 504 Kenwood Drive, Iowa City, IA 52240.

FREE

Discover Why You Should Try

CAMPARI INSTEAD

for the freshest drinks of summer

Campari Cocktail Recipes

Campari & Soda, Americano, Campari & Orange Juice, Negroni, Campari Orange & Tonic, Campari Punch.

For your free booklet write:

Box AN-2
c/o NEW TIMES
One Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Films

SUPER 8MM, 16MM, 8MM Silent and Sound Film Classics. Free Catalog. NILES, 1141-NT Mishawaka, South Bend, Indiana 46615.

CONVENTION FOR FANS OF SCIENCE FICTION/FANTASY IN FILMS/TELEVISION—August 1-3, COMMODORE Hotel, Manhattan. Discussions, films, dealers, displays, auctions, guests: Noel Neill (Lois Lane), Joe Stefano ("Outer Limits" creator), etc. INFORMATION (212) GL4 8150.

Literary Services

DISSERTATIONS, THESES, WRITING, EDITING, TYPING, all subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. RESEARCH UNLIMITED, Box 300-N, Dayton, Washington 99328.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors in a complete reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NES, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS

Wanted: book manuscripts on all subjects. Expert editing, design, manufacture and marketing—all under one roof. Completed books in 90 days. Low break-even. Two FREE books and literature give details, costs, success stories. Write or phone Dept. 387 **Exposition Press, Inc., 900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801 (516) 822-5700**

WORDSMITHS. Papers, studies, books. Professional, Confidential. P.O. Box 5882, Chicago, 60680.

POETRY NOW BEING ACCEPTED FOR NEW ANTHOLOGY. Carousel, Dept. N, Box 11917, Philadelphia, Pa. 19145, SASE.

COLLEGIATE
RESEARCH SYSTEMS

RESEARCH PAPERS

SEND $2 FOR MAIL ORDER CATALOG
THESIS, REPORTS, SPEECHES, ALL REVISIONS

(609) 962-6777

1800 E FERRY AVE BLDG.
SUITE 205, CAMDEN, N.J. 08104

Merchandise

BELOW WHOLESALE! As low as: Dresses, $1.95; Coats, Suits, $4.00; Shoes, $1.25; Yarns, Records, Toys, 15¢; much more! Details $1.00 refundable. Heritage/W1NT, 337N Detroit, Los Angeles, 90036.

SELF-STICK LABELS. Any Message Printed—Free Samples—PMA, P.O. Box 822NT, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

FREE SHOES AND CLOTHING for you. Plus Big Earnings as a part-time fashion advisor. Send $12.00 to Morris Gainer, 3931 Farnum, Inkster, Mich. 48141.

WATER FOR GASOLINE. Developing pollution free oxy-hydrogen automobile. Desperately need financing to complete practical electrolysis water converter. Every investment acknowledged. Georg Scali, P.O. Box 3131, Omaha, Nebraska 68103

PURIFY DRINKING WATER ANYWHERE. At home, camping, traveling. H2OK removes chlorine, chemicals, germs. $24.95. Used by State Department, Peace Corps. Free Information. Better Living Laboratories, 2873-A Director's Cove, Memphis, TN 38131.

MIXING WITH A WILD TURKEY

Refresh yourself with Wild Turkey Cocktails

Turkey Julep, Wild Tom, Hot Peached Bourbon, Turkey Sour, Hunter's Bourbon Punch, Turkey Feather.

Free recipe booklet for drinks and wild game, write:

Dept. AN1
c/o NEW TIMES
One Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Antiques

Be informed—**Read the best books on antiques and collectors' items.** Encyclopedia Furniture $7.95, Depression Glass Encyclopedia $9.95, Flea Market Shopper $4.95, Antique Price List 42,000 Prices $6.95, Modern Collector Dolls $17.95, Antique Jewelry $4.95, Know Your Antiques $7.95, Oriental Antiques $7.95, Cut Class Price Guide $6.95, Political Button Encyclopedia $9.95, Official Guide Bottles $5.00, Country Furniture $7.95, Antique Clocks $3.95, Art Deco $12.50. Add $.50 postage each. Williams, Box 386, Clearfield, Pa. 16830.

Business Opportunities

TAKE CATALOG orders. We drop ship 1001 best-selling specialty products. Lowest below-wholesale prices. Immediate delivery. Spectacular home business opportunity. FREE BOOK. SMC, 6061 De Soto Ave. Dept. 166-31C, Woodland Hills, CA 91365.

Photo Mug Machines. Free Brochure. Coffman, 1973T Glenhaven, Abilene, Texas, 76303.

Education/Instruction

FASTEST PIANO COURSE IN HISTORY. Patented! Box 751—X, La Canada, Ca. 91011.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL! Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s . . . Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 1162-TN11, Tustin, California 92680.

PARAPSYCHOLOGY. Complete Study Course, Certificate. Free Information. American Parapsychological Research Foundation, Box 5395-U, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

NONRESIDENT DEGREES! Honorary degrees. Worldwide faculty. Catalog: $3.00. UNITED STATES UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Box 4552-NT, Washington, D.C. 20017.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-NT, Universal City, CA 91608.

INSTANT MEMORY

The new way to remember

A short, simple method of acquiring a powerful memory. No memorization, no keywords. Release your **photographic** memory. Learn "how" you remember, "why" you forget. Discover your **natural** ability to recall everything. Send for free information to:

INSTITUTE of ADVANCED THINKING
845 Via de la Paz, Dept. PT, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

M.A. (COMMUNICATIONS). Tenth year. Forty courses day and evening in Communication Theories: Interpersonal, Intercultural, International, and Intermedia Communication; Ethics; Persuasion; Writing; Public Relations; Corporate and Political; Cross-Media Analysis. Center For The Advancement of Human Communication—Fairfield University—Fairfield, Conn. 06430. Phone (203) 255 5411.

Money Making Opportunities

EARN CASH—with our plan—guaranteed—send $4.00 to Crest—Dept. NT, 102-21 Metropolitan, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY addressing, mailing envelopes. Offer details 15¢. Lindlbloom, Dept. NT, 3636 Peterson, Chicago 60659.

$350.00 Weekly Possible Stuffing Envelopes at Home! Start Immediately! Details $1.00 refundable. Royal/NT5, 531N Lacienega, Los Angeles, 90048.

"EARN IMMEDIATELY STUFFING ENVELOPES. $25.00 Hundred. Send Stamped Envelope. UNITED, 3838½k Van Dyke, San Diego, CA 92105."

REACH A VERY SPECIAL MILLION with your classified ad. To place your **Very Special Ad** contact Anne Holton, c/o NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York City, 10016 or call (212) 889 6900.

$200 Weekly Possible. Show our Laff-Signs© to bars, taverns. Commissions also on repeat purchases. Send $1.00 for samples, details. Box 246, Stamford, Conn. 06904.

RACING FANS: Free. Guaranteed winner. Details: Randy, Box 303T, Clifton, N.J. 07015.

Music

POEMS WANTED for Songs. Nashville Music Productions, Box 40001-NT, Nashville, Tennessee 37204.

Publications

NEW BOOKS, ALL SUBJECTS, SAVINGS TO 90%. FREE CATALOG. Diamond, 18169-B Ballard, Elsinore, Calif. 92330.

WE'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU CANADIAN NATURE as you've never seen it before through our magazine Nature Canada. Details: Nature Canada, NT1, 46 Elgin Street, Ottawa, Canada K1P 5K6.

Travel

Expedition

EXPEDITION 'ROUND THE WORLD. Remote places: Galapagos, Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180' Yacht. Shipmates wanted. Share expenses.

Write YANKEE TRADER, P. O. Box 120, Dept. 21 , Miami Beach, Fla. 33139

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER, Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home! TravLtips, 163-09NT Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome foods. Peaceful surroundings. Pool, boats, solariums, beaches. Health re-education. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-NW.

WORLD CRUISE "NEWS"

The **"NEWS"** is The World's Only Source of Private Yacht Sailing, Berth & Employment Information! Paid & Volunteer Slots, Long & Short Cruises Worldwide. Power & Sail. Published by **THE SAIL CREW CLEARING HOUSE.** Year's Subscription $10. Write: SCCH-NT, Box 1976, Orlando, FL. 32802.

Unusual Items

TAKE A SHEIK TO LUNCH: SPEED. Bumper Sticker, $1, Box 61, Yonkers, N.Y. 10710.

PYRAMIDOLOGY: For extensive book list, send self-addressed stamped envelope. Kelley's, 8140 Big Bend. St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

INTERESTED IN Hypnosis? Introducing the first book to explore new methods of hypnotic techniques and reveal the hidden secrets of professional hypnotists! For free brochure write: Panorama Publishing Company, 14547 Titus Street, Panorama City, Calif. 91402.

RARE FINDS FOR HIGH MINDS. Send For Free Color Catalog of Outrageous Headgear to Rare Treasures, Dept. T, 30-30 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

CREATE NEW, EXCITING COCKTAILS! Gourmet secrets, private formulas, insider's tricks, shortcuts . . . expert mixologist reveals all. Free information discloses how. Gourmet, 5133-T1 North Fairhill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19120.

Real Estate

CENTRAL ONTARIO—CHOICE 640 ACRE SPORTSMEN's PARADISE still available—$20.00 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, Pictures $2.00 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 86. Ontario, Canada.

SHOPPING CENTERS—APARTMENTS—VENTURE CAPITAL. Cascade Development, 702W. 4th, Wapato, Washington, 98951.

Self Improvement

FREE—EASY WAYS TO MAKE MONEY selling exciting new products—Full-spare time. Send name, age for 5 months' free subscription. Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, 1460 Hancock Center, Dept. 552, Chicago, 60611.

TEACH "Touch for Health"—a preventive way to health. Free info. Write Touch for Health, 1174 No. Lake, Pasadena, Ca. 91104.

Achieve Wealth, Success, Confidence through Powerful, Persuasive Speaking Applying Self-Analysis. Rush $3. to Speech, Box 19228T, L.A., CA. 90019.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS—Know yourself through "GRAPH-O-SCOPE" revealing information only $1.00. 891 Morefield Road, Philadelphia, Pa. 19115.

STOP SMOKING NOW! No Gimmicks, Tricks or Long Programs. It Works! Send $1 to Smoking, Box 19228T, L.A., CA 90019.

MAKE FRIENDS WORLDWIDE through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/NT, Berlin 11, Germany.

DESCRIBE "IMPOSSIBLE" PROBLEMS to the unconventional inventors with Universal Solutions, Jimmy Island, Piney Point, Maryland 20674.

DATES GALORE! Meet exciting singles—anywhere. Free Application: DATELINE, Alpha, Ohio.

NEW IDENTITY. Escape the Past. Amazing, Foolproof. Terra-6, #3233, N.Y.C. 10017.

GAYS/BISEXUALS receive free literature from the nation's largest gay social organization. Discretion assured. Write GSF, Department BM-7, 8235 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA. 90046 or call (213) 654 3491

MARRIAGE-DIVORCE LAWS 50 STATES. Ages, Grounds, Waiting Periods, etc. $2.00. Louis Stahl, P.O. Box 1529-NT, Orlando, Florida 32802.

Personal

NEED NEW ID? Underground guide helps change name, age with birth certificates, official ID! Details 25¢. Paper Trip, 16681 Evergreen, Fountain Valley, CA 92708.

Marital Aids For Adults (Pleasure Oriented). Send $2.00 for illustrated catalogue (refunded with first purchase). State your age. Pleasure Products, Box 131, Dept. NT-3, East Lansing, MI. 48823.

JAPANESE FRIENDSHIP! Girls' photos, literature, details, $1.00. Inter-Pacific, Box 304-NT, Birmingham, Mich. 48012.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized matching, nationwide, low fee, FREE Questionnaire. "TEAM," 1270 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10001.

AMERICAN-MEXICAN INTRODUCTIONS. "Free" Details. World, Box 3876-NEW, San Diego, Ca. 92103.

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL. Free Information. Write SUCCESS, Suite 305L, Rte.7—251, Tyler, Texas, 75701 (214) 566 1203.

SWINGING GALS! Details 10¢. Box 3-NT, Raritan, N. J. 08869.

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE Wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, questionnaire, Etc. Japan International, Box 1181-NT, Newport Beach, California 92663.

NH—Let's mess around a little bit. LD

GUY: Good sailing, buddy. Keep high your dharma and remember coincidence. **John**

Back Issues of NEW TIMES are available for $1 each. "Guess Who's Fooling Around with the Weather?" (June 27, 1975); "The Credit Crisis—A Nation In Hock" (May 30, 1975); "The CIA and The Mafia" (May 30, 1975); "Exploring Mind Control" (May 2, 1975); "The Ten Brightest Congressmen" (April 4, 1975); "What's Being Done About Those Killer Aerosol Cans?" (March 7, 1975). Please send your order and payment to: NEW TIMES, Box B1-2, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

They call us

THE PROFESSIONALS

...EVEN if we are a messenger delivery service.

MISTER MESSENGER, INC. is our name. 532-0800 is our telephone number.

We take a common sense approach to our business. Clean, sharp signatures on all deliveries. Neatly dressed, courteous and efficient messengers, as well as Truck Delivery Men for heavier than hand carryable packages. Paid hourly whether they sit or are out running. This is why we can offer WITHIN THE HOUR DELIVERIES. Fair rates.

Secretaries, mail room personnel, corporation presidents — all receive the very same respect and courtesy. We work with dignity and ease and an honest sense of responsibility.

We open at 8 AM and we close when our last delivery has been made THAT DAY and NOT TOMORROW!

Maybe this is why our clients call us THE PROFESSIONALS.

Join THE PROFESSIONALS.

Mister Messenger, Inc.

(212) 532-0800

downtown
midtown
uptown
all around the town
and even out-of-town

Requiem for a heavyweight

Final Tribute

By Mark Olshaker

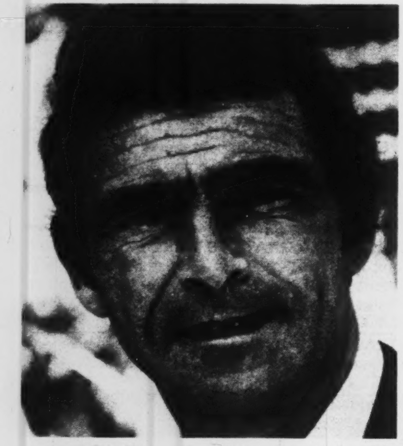
"There is a sixth dimension beyond that which is known to man. A dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow, science and superstition. And it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area we call the Twilight Zone."

The voice was unmistakable. The stories were "weird" and "spooky," the twist endings intriguing. But there was an added element that happened to be a rare commodity in television entertainment—a moral point of view. Rod Serling, who died June 28 at 50, was always trying to get a point across.

The format was pop science fiction, but the themes were the basic operatives of the human mind. The characters either rose to their situations or were destroyed by them. While other shows portrayed World War II as an epic of brave men in combat, *Twilight Zone* gave us "Death's Head Revisited," the story of a Nazi commandant returning to Dachau and there confronted by the ghosts of the inmates he slaughtered. And Serling's humanity always showed through, as in a Christmas episode, "Night of the Meek": A drunken loser whose only joy is playing a department store Santa each year, finds the real Kris Kringle's bag of miracles and helps his fellow losers inherit the earth—at least for one night.

Serling's career embodied the entire course of American television. He was the brightest of the Golden Age's "bright young men" and the only one to adapt when live drama died. He became known as TV's angry young man during the 1950s, when he demanded of himself scripts that not only entertained but made a comment. Serling's teleplays confronted the major social and personal issues of the day—the Red Scare, POW collaboration in Korea, the unrelieved tension between black and white—at a time when few others would touch them.

And he confronted these issues head-on, decrying the spineless and chilling fear that caused network execs to quake each time a Serling script suggested there were still problems to be solved. The battles were endless. When *U.S. Steel Hour* realized Serling's "Noon on Doomsday" would deal with the Till murder case, in which a small Mississippi town hid and protected the white murderer of a black man, the executives went collectively limp. By the time they finished with his completed script, the southern town had given way to a New England village, the black-white angle had become an American killing a foreigner and a mention of Coca-Cola had been excised because the soft drink had a southern connotation, being bottled in Atlanta!



Serling deeply resented this "ritual track covering" and the system that made the sponsor so ridiculously powerful. "Drama on television," he said, "must walk tiptoe and in agony lest it offend some cereal buyer from a given state below the Mason-Dixon. So instead of a Negro we give battle against that prejudice visited upon American Indians or Alaskan Eskimos or Armenian peasants under the Czar. Now, yes, all prejudice is alike down at its very ugly roots, and all prejudice is indeed a universal evil. But you don't conquer intolerance by disguising it, by clothing it in different trappings, by slapping at it with a wispy parable."

That tone was vintage Serling—high-minded, idealistic, if sometimes overly formal and didactic, believing that mass drama could do something. And he did do something: With a staggering artistic stamina during those early days Serling turned out over 100 quality scripts. He sprang upon the public consciousness in 1955 with "Patterns" on *Kraft Television Theater*—a story of the emotional destruction wreaked by corporate inhumanity that won Serling his first Emmy. A year later he topped himself with his most famous work, "Requiem for a Heavyweight," on *Playhouse 90.*

When his market dried up, Serling conceived of *Twilight Zone,* which he produced, hosted and did much of the writing for. With the series, Serling and his magic voice became a part of mass culture and modern folklore. But it also made him a "media person," much in demand for talk shows and commercials. For the rest of his life Serling continued to wrestle with the conflict of the serious artist vs. the public personality. While often bowing to the creatively depleting pressures of celebrity, he could be critically incisive about his own work. When asked what had gone wrong with his script for *The Man,* a flop 1971 film about a black American president, he replied, "That script taught me not to write about people who don't go to the bathroom."

There were other series—*The Loner,* a western, and *Night Gallery,* which he grew to hate. But as the years went on, there was less and less calling in television. Turning to movies, he did a number of popular works, including the screenplay for *Seven Days in May* and the first *Planet of the Apes.* After 1967, he retreated into teaching at Ithaca College, into the McCarthy campaign in 1968, then into more personal writing. He left behind at least three plays and two novels in various stages of completion.

It is unclear what directions Serling would have moved in had he lived the additional years he had a right to expect. It is doubtful he would have wanted much more to do with television. At the time of his death *Twilight Zone* was more than ten years old. And the video era he embodied was essentially over—the medium that was half his age had grown old far faster than he had. ●

WHAT'S BAD FOR BOURBON IS GOOD FOR GOLD RUM.

We in the rum industry are very thankful there's a bourbon industry. Because the people in Kentucky and Tennessee who make that fine whiskey also have very fine oak barrels.

And what's even finer, they can use the barrels only once. So the bourbon people put them up for sale. And we quickly buy them.

Though these barrels can't be used again for bourbon, what they do for our gold rum is amazing.

You see, any rum that spends time in a bourbon barrel comes out smoother and mellower. And a rum that is exceptionally well-made, even before it goes in, will be a superb rum when it emerges.

A rum like Serralles Don Q® Gold.

The Serralles family has been making rum since 1865. And a lot of good things go into our rum long before our rum goes into the barrel.

Like the finest sugar cane in the world.

And the skill that only comes after a century of rum-making.

And the pride that a family hands down from generation to generation.

This is why Serralles Don Q Gold has to be as good as we can possibly make it. Because when it comes out of the barrel, we put it into bottles.

And then we put our name on it.

SERRALLES
DON Q
GOLD

Serralles Don Q® Gold, three years old, 80 proof. Produced by Destileria Serralles, Ponce, Puerto Rico, © 1974 Bottled by Don Q Imports, Hartford, Ct.

Today's L&M... Proud tradition. Proud heritage. Proud taste.
The proud smoke.
L&M
LM
RICH MELLOW DISTA
L&M
FILTER KINGS
Filter King: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.